JUN 8 1939

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVII. No. 431 (New Series) SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1939 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THOUGH Mr. Chamberlain is still hedging and further British proposals have been submitted to Moscow, the chances of a Russian settlement of some kind are perhaps rather more bright. There has been pressure from France, and British public opinion is strongly expressed. If the Polish and Rumanian guarantees are seriously intended, then the help of the U.S.S.R. is essential, and there is reason to believe that Hitler is making strenuous efforts to come to terms with Stalin, so that his hands may be free for a threat in the West. In these circumstances it is not surprising if the Committee of Imperial Defence has begun to think of Russians as so many bayonets to be gained instead of as so many Bolsheviks to be avoided. When the Geneva conversations began, the British argument was still that the U.S.S.R. might fairly be asked unilaterally to underwrite Britain's pledges to Poland and Rumania, since only after an act of aggression against one or other (or both) of those countries could Germany invade Russian soil. The argument, to which even M. Bonnet gave no support, failed to impress the Kremlin. Russian suspicions that Anglo-French aid might be withheld in the event of a German invasion through the Baltic States or even through Rumania, with King Carol's connivance, were unallayed and were strengthened by talk of reviving the ambiguous sanctions clauses of the Covenant. Presented with Lord Halifax's report to this effect, the Cabinet appears finally to have decided in favour of the French compromise plan—a Three-Power pact of mutual assistance in general terms, with specific annexes providing for consultation and action (on lines not yet defined) in the event of aggression against other States still to be finally listed.

The Axis Solidified

If the U.S.S.R. accepts this as a basis the task of drafting in detail the clauses defining the limits of action to be taken by the several signatories may still give scope for the exercise of the diplomatic art of equivocation. The right course is to make a full agreement and publish at the same time an appeal to Germany and Italy to negotiate on equal terms with the new Peace Bloc. Only by this means shall we have any real counter to the Italo-German Treaty which provides, on the surface at least, for complete co-ordination of policy and military resources between the two countries. This instrument binds either party to assist the other with all its forces whenever one of them becomes involved in war, irrespective of the nature of the *casus belli*. Though Count Ciano and (with greater

insistence on " unsatisfied claims ") Herr von Ribbentrop protested, when the Treaty was signed, that the aim of the Axis is a durable, " just " peace, it is impossible even for the British Cabinet to blind its eyes to the fact that the Reich and Italy are now continuing, with less disguise than ever, their systematic preparations for aggression. Nothing is concealed except the time-table and the selection of the direction in which the next blow will be struck. Stimulated by the affray at the Danzig-East Prussian customs post at Kalthof, rumours have been circulating that Herr Hitler plans a Whitsuntide coup in the Free City; but they are not supported by the attitude of the German press, which has made little of the incident. A further period of intense and complicated diplomacy turning on the Russian alliance seems probable.

The League Council

The League Council has been sitting at Geneva this week; but its agenda is of minor interest. The eyes and the ears of the world are concentrated on the private discussions among the statesmen of the Anglo-Russian pact. The Council itself has heard another of the familiar appeals for aid to China from the indefatigable Dr. Wellington Koo. He got the backing of Mr. Maisky, and expressions of sympathy from Lord Halifax, coupled with regrets that Great Britain (and this doubtless applies to other Powers too) cannot in the present state of Europe take on any further commitments in the Far East. Appeals have also been made by cable and letter from Dr. Benes and King Zog on behalf of Czechoslovakia and Albania; but it is clear that the League can do nothing about these two lost causes. One positive—or semi-positive—step has been taken in connection with Danzig. The " Committee of Three " have asked the High Commissioner, Herr Burckhardt, who is at present living in Switzerland (and who incidentally is credited with Nazi sympathies and was referred to the other day by Hitler as an " extraordinarily tactful person "), to return to the Free City and report on the situation there. What this visit might lead to we do not profess to know; but it is believed that Herr Burckhardt himself is not at all anxious —and may refuse—to go into the Danzig lions' den.

The Problem of Palestine

The Government's Palestine policy has been approved in both Houses of Parliament, but its majority in the Commons was not as big as it had hoped for. A considerable handful of Tories voted with the Opposition, and a large number abstained. The debates brought out nothing new. There was passion in some of the speeches, rhetoric, prejudice and partisanship, as was to be expected, in many. The Government spokesmen made the best defence they could of their plan. Their real difficulty is not to dispel charges of " betrayal," " injustice," " cowardice " and the like, but to persuade anyone that the plan as it stands is likely to solve the Palestinian problem. There is no sign that leopard and the lamb will lie down comfortably together, and we believe that some form of partition will before long be seen to be inevitable. The most hopeful solution seems to lie in a federal scheme, such as we alluded to last week, and indeed several months ago, in this journal. Viscount Samuel dwelt on it with approval in his thoughtful and constructive speech in the House of Lords on Tuesday, and the columns of the *Times* and other newspapers show a growing volume of support for it. We are glad to see, from Mr. MacDonald's statement in the debate, that the Government itself has its eyes open to the possibilities of a federal constitution for Palestine and more than Palestine.

Czech Gold for Germany

The authorities have displayed a sinister reluctance to reveal what is going on behind the scenes in relation to the Czech assets impounded in London. Last Friday the Prime Minister was asked if Herr Wohltat was in London negotiating about these assets, and whether the Treasury intended to release £5,000,000 of Czech gold to the Bank for International Settlements for the benefit of the Reichsbank. He replied that the whole story was a mare's nest. On Monday, however, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury had to admit that " informal talks " about the Czech assets were going on with Germany, while he could not positively deny that the B.I.S. might have surrendered to Germany the gold deposited by it in London on behalf of the Czech National Bank. The Treasury, he declared, had no means of obtaining information about B.I.S. assets. Finally, on Tuesday, the Chancellor confessed that the transfer had taken place, and that the Treasury knew all about it " indirectly." The Government, however, had no power either to sanction or veto the transaction. This may be technically correct; but why did not Mr. Montagu Norman, as Governor of the Bank of England, seek the Government's instructions before parting with gold whose transfer the B.I.S. (of which Mr. Norman is the most influential director) requested, quite unwarrantably, in the name of a member bank known to be acting under duress? The Government's efforts to hush up the affair are discreditable; and it is disquieting that Parliament will have no power to prevent the Treasury from handing over to the Nazis the great bulk of the Czech assets in return for a worthless German promise to pay interest to British holders of Czech bonds.

Italy's Budget Problem

The task of the Italian Finance Minister must be even harder than that of his German counterpart; the Italian State is poorer, spends as much beyond its income, and is much less fully equipped with arbitrary powers against the capitalist. Accordingly, Senator Thaon di Revel, introducing the budget estimates for the current year, had to leave most of the crucial facts obscure. Before the Abyssinian War, the Italian budget balanced at the equivalent of about £230 millions. In 1936-7 extraordinary expenditure outside the normal budget leapt to nearly £200 millions, while normal expenditure also increased. Despite increased taxation over £150 millions had to be raised by extraordinary methods in 1936-7 and about £130 millions in 1937-8. For the forthcoming year the Minister anticipates normal expenditure of about £360 millions, apart from extraordinary expenses of unknown amount. These deficits can be financed only by inflation or by borrowing which is indirectly inflationary. Senator di Revel did not of course say this; but his only proposals for meeting the situation were that the system of tax collection should be overhauled. This having been done already to a great extent, not much revenue is likely to accrue from further revisions. In effect, Italy must either slow down the rate of military expenditure or resort to further inflation.

Unemployment Assistance

The Fourth Annual Report of the Unemployment Assistance Board is published as we go to press, and we can do no more here than refer briefly to some of the more important facts and figures it contains. There were, it appears, 588,000 applicants for assistance at December 12th, 1938; but during the year it is estimated that about 1¼ million different individuals were dealt with. The money paid out in allowances in 1938 was £34¾ millions, and the average allowance came to 24*s.* 4*d.* a week. The chief administrative development was the liquidation of the "Standstill." This is now complete and the scheme is functioning uniformly. The Board, we are told, are satisfied with the "common standard approved by Parliament" and the regulations based on the household means test. Few of the half million applicants, or of the working class in general, will share their satisfaction! One particular problem to which the Report gives a good deal of space is that of unemployment among the younger people, which has been the subject of a special inquiry by the Advisory Committees. There are about 100,000 applicants aged 30 or under, and "the prolonged unemployment of 100,000 young men who are physically capable of work, and for the most part anxious to obtain work," is indeed, as the Chairman points out, an extremely serious matter. This host of unfortunates is analysed into several categories, and some suggestions are made as to remedies that could or should be applied—including, for certain cases, training as a condition of relief.

The Trade Unions and Conscription

The Trade Union movement has spoken with several voices on the questions of conscription and national service during the past week. The national gathering of Trade Union executives summoned by the Trades Union Congress, while protesting against the Conscription Bill, refused by large majorities either to attempt to defeat it by strike action or to withdraw from collaboration in campaigns for "national service" or from consultations with the Government over the organisation of war preparedness. The Scottish T.U.C., on the other hand, advised its affiliated bodies to withdraw from collaboration; and the National Conference of Trades Councils, meeting under T.U.C. auspices, also took a strong anti-conscription line. These divergences of view are not unnatural. The national Trade Union leaders, while resenting the Bill, recognise that it cannot be defeated and want to ensure their own position in relation to its working and to the various measures of economic organisation for war which are now being planned. Local Trade Union opinion, on the other hand, is either instinctively hostile to conscription as such or so mistrustful of the Government as to hold that, even if conscription were necessary, leave to impose it should be refused to Mr. Chamberlain. This latter, incidentally, is the view put forward by the Communist Party; and it is a very widespread attitude in other unofficial Left-wing circles. But the T.U.C. General Council is not likely to pay much attention to the Trades Councils or to the Scottish T.U.C. It will protest against conscription; but in practice it will continue its collaboration on the ground that the primary function of the Unions is to safeguard their members' position within the existing environment.

The Trades Councils Have Views

The Trades Councils Conference, though it represents only the Councils recognised by the T.U.C., and excludes the "rebels" that Transport House has excommunicated, refused to follow the official line over the unemployed as well as over the Conscription Bill. Despite the T.U.C. view that the great majority of the unemployed can best be left to be looked after by their Unions rather than by any separate body, the Conference demanded a renewed attempt at national organisation, through district full-time organisers working under the T.U.C. There is much local discontent over the failure to create any effective unemployed movement under Trade Union auspices, and over the unsatisfactory relations between the Trade Unions and the Communist-inspired National Unemployed Workers' Movement; and the T.U.C. spokesmen were not able to persuade the Conference that their policy of leaving matters mainly to the individual Unions was right. It has become plain that the rearmament boom is unlikely to cure unemployment in the depressed areas, but very likely to deprive the unemployed of their effective leaders unless leadership is provided for them by the Trade Union movement as a whole. Fears of the industrial effects of the Conscription Bill also lead to a desire for better organisation of the unemployed; for, despite the amendments secured in the House of Commons, it is evident that the guarantees of re-employment for men returning from military training will be very easy to evade, either by discharging boys before they reach military age or by taking them back after service and then discharging them a few weeks after their re-engagement.

Four By-elections

Mr. John Wilmot has won Kennington for Labour by the handsome majority of 3,596. There was a 42 per cent. poll, which, though it is low, shows an improvement over the by-elections of last week. These were in North Southwark, where Mr. Isaacs gained a seat for Labour, the Abbey Division of Westminster and Aston (Birmingham), in both of which the Government held the seats, but with greatly reduced majorities. In all these contests both sides suffered a drop in their polls, though that of the Conservatives was far the heavier. The aggregate of the registered electors in the four constituencies is about 155,000, and of these only 60,000 or so voted. Some allowance, no doubt, has to be made for "removals," which are often considerable (in Kennington this time they are said to have amounted to 30,000). Even so, the "apathy" seems abnormal. Yet it can hardly be called apathy in the ordinary sense of the word. It is a sign not so much of indifference, as of the widespread bewilderment in the country—and doubtless, in the case of a great number of Conservatives, of a dissatisfaction with Mr. Chamberlain's policy which is strong enough to prevent their voting for Government candidates, though they will not go to the length of voting Labour. But the Labour Party itself has lost some of its former support; its aggregate vote in these four contests is substantially less than at the last election.

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COLD SOCIALISATION

COLD socialisation was a phrase current in the last years of the Weimar Republic. It was coined to describe that peculiar process by which, when an industry fell upon evil days, it appealed to the State for assistance and that assistance was granted either in the form of legal sanctions to enforce restriction of trade, or, in cases where the mere granting of monopoly privilege was not sufficient to bolster the industry up, in the more drastic form of nationalisation. In the period immediately preceding the Nazi revolution, socialisation had become not the horrific weapon of the revolutionary, but the salvation of the scared bondholder. Recent events have made this phrase singularly applicable to this country. Here too we are having a dose of "cold socialisation," and in the last fortnight there have been two examples of it—the nationalisation of the civil air services and the road-rail deal, which has been arranged by the Traffic Advisory Council and will shortly receive the sanction of the State.

The Square Deal campaign began as an appeal that the railways should be permitted to enjoy the fruits of competition and to run their business in a liberal businesslike way. It has ended in an agreement to restrict competition between rail and road. After the elaborate shadow battle between the two interests, they have got down to the practical business of making haulage a gigantic monopoly and ensuring that the State shall forbid any transport concern to carry goods either on the roads or the railways of this country at cheaper rates than those agreed upon by the interests affected and authorised by the Railway Rates Tribunal. There is no doubt that this Square Deal will bring advantages to the railways, and since it has been accepted by the road interests, it may be assumed that they will not suffer by it. It is difficult therefore to avoid the conclusion that it has been made at the cost of the consumer and will bring with it an increase of rates.

Neither the co-ordination of the transport industry nor even an increase of rates should be condemned out of hand. The railways needed assistance and it may well be that it was better that they should receive it in this form than as an open subsidy. But if the public is to pay more for the carriage of its goods, it may reasonably ask what benefits it will receive in return for the special privileges which are being granted by the Square Deal. The answer at present is that the public is receiving nothing at all. Once again State intervention takes the form of bolstering up great private interests which are assumed to be the interests of all.

There are at least three things which, it can be reasonably suggested, should be granted in return for the road-rail deal. In the first place the Railway Rates Tribunal, which in future will have a vastly increased responsibility since it will now, in effect, fix the rates for road and rail alike, must be reconstituted. This tribunal is already considering the increase of fares proposed by the L.P.T.B. in order to meet the demands of its shareholders; and it seems more than likely that its award will have small regard either for the travelling public or for the employees of the Board. It consists at present of the President, a lawyer, and one representative each of the railways and big business, as well as two members to deal with the special problems of the L.P.T.B. It is intolerable that in its new position as the supreme dictator over the haulage of this country it should not include representatives of production and of the workpeople. In the second place, if the railways are to be permitted to raise their rates, they should at least concede the 50*s.* minimum, which has so long been the aim of the Railway Unions. Already the workpeople in the road industry have either their minimum wage or rates fixed by a statutory board, and the railways should be brought into line. Lastly, the time has come to write down the inflated capital of the railways and to relieve them to some degree of their monstrous burden of debt. Only if the Government obtains this much from the railways in return for the monopoly privileges which are being doled out, will the Square Deal be tolerable for anyone save the investor.

The road-rail controversy has had a good deal of publicity, and for this reason the settlement arrived at will be searchingly examined. But we should not forget that there are other interests which are permitted and encouraged by the State to practise a restriction of trade without any public control. If the privileges offered to private transport interests, which cannot indulge in any extensive restrictions of output, are excessive, what can we say of the price rings which are yearly bringing under monopoly control new areas of our industrial wealth? Sugar, cement, steel, cables and flour milling are only a few of the most notorious instances. This month similar associations have been formed for rayon and zinc. Without any of the elaborate formalities to which cotton and transport are being submitted, the men who manipulate these concerns are permitted to make their square deals, to restrict their output, to squeeze out competitors and to regulate price levels. If they attend on occasion to public criticism, they do it as a favour; and the laws of libel effectively prevent any undue publicity concerning their activities. Is there not an element of hypocrisy in loading with safeguards and restrictions one type of industrial monopoly, while others of a far more sinister character go scot free?

The fact of the matter is that the present half-way house between public ownership and genuinely competitive private enterprise is wholly unsatisfactory. You cannot leave a monopoly in private hands and try to skim off its profits and regulate its policy, since the inevitable result will be that the monopoly, in order to maintain its rate of profit, will restrict production. In many ways the railways under the new Square Deal will be better run than other monopoly interests, but the only solution which will bring any lasting satisfaction to the country as a whole will be public ownership on the lines of the B.B.C. or the Central Electricity Board, not only of transport but of all industries organised on monopoly lines.

But here we come upon our second difficulty, which is well illustrated by the recent decision of the Government to buy out Imperial Airways and British Airways. In itself the scheme which Sir John Reith has worked out for the nationalisation of our civil air services is not open to serious criticism. But once again, as in the case of the L.P.T.B., public control has been bought at a price which the public can ill afford to pay, and the new public utility will start with a capital debt which will satisfy the investors but no one else. When the scheme was first mooted last November the shares of Imperial Airways stood at

25*s.* 3*d.* and it was an indication of what Government policy was expected to be by the stock market that they immediately jumped to 29*s.* But the Government's generosity exceeded even the expectations of the speculator, and Sir Kingsley Wood has announced that his idea of a fair price is 32*s.* 9*d.* a share. Imperial Airways has always been a heavily subsidised concern and has only paid its dividends out of subsidy. Now the assets of the company are valued as though the subsidy were part of them and the taxpayer is asked to pay again for the privilege of having subsidised it.

The case of British Airways is even more peculiar. The shares of this private concern are not quoted on the market; and so its value can only be estimated on its assets. These totalled in the last available figures (September, 1937) £689,138, of which roughly £200,000 was described as "Development Account," or, to put it plainly, advances from the shareholders for which there was nothing to show. This Development Account has increased since then to £363,587, and unless the tangible assets have also considerably increased, we can only conclude that the real value of the company is in the neighbourhood of £325,500. A plain business man, who considered purchasing such a concern, might well argue that the advances must first be paid off out of the assets before the real value of the company could be arrived at. But Sir Kingsley Wood has a good capitalist's business sense. He decided to give £262,500 of public money for the shares and to pay off £311,000 of the advances, making a total payment of £573,500 for a company with tangible assets not much in excess of £350,000. The difference is a handsome sum to pay for the goodwill of a concern whose best chance of ever making a profit lay in obtaining a Government subsidy.

It is clear that nationalisation on these lines can be of no real benefit to the country; and it is remarkable that the Government should not have taken warning from the example of the L.P.T.B. Perhaps on second thoughts it is not so remarkable. For we are ruled to-day by men who, if they are not themselves financiers, identify the interests of the City with those of the people. For them the common good is the investor's good and their socialism is designed not to encourage production for use but to ensure that the securities held by the privileged few shall maintain their value. Cold socialisation means the substitution of gilt-edged securities for speculative industrial shares. No wonder it is popular in the City!

AMERICAN CROSS-SECTION

I CAN think of only one question which it is more urgent for everyone in Great Britain to ponder than "What is America going to do?" and that is "What is Soviet Russia going to do?" In the course of preparing—as future Correspondent of the *New York Times* in Moscow—to seek an answer to the second, a few weeks in the United States have given me an opportunity to try to solve the first problem. I would not, of course, claim in so short a time to have made any exhaustive inquiry. I believe, however, that a naturally inquisitive mind coupled with rather unusual opportunities of meeting representatives of all classes and shades of thought do enable me to present a useful cross-section of American opinion. These opportunities arose mainly through my being expected to talk to many gatherings and some hundreds of individuals about my recently published book on the European situation and subsequent developments last March. Although ready to sing for my supper, luncheon, cocktails and other forms of America's inexhaustible hospitality, I exacted payment in addition. This was done by demanding of everyone an answer to the question "And what is America going to do about it?"

Often the answer was volunteered before the question was put and without my having to pay any price for it. Driving in a taxi from Times Square to talk to the Foreign Policy Association, I suddenly found a "tabloid" with sensational scare headlines thrust into my hand by the taxi driver, who held the steering wheel nonchalantly in one hand as he turned three-quarters round in the driving seat to ask me:

> "Is it war?"
>
> "What do you think in New York?" I parried.
>
> "Just gimme a match and I'll tell you," the driver said. "Britisher, aren't you? Well, what we think is you ought to have had war last September, instead of letting Hitler see you are all so scared of him that you'll come across every time he likes to blackmail you. Now it looks like you'll have to fight just as he chooses, not as you choose."
>
> "And America?" I asked.
>
> "Well, we don' want ter pull the chestnuts out of the fire you've been such goddam fools as to let get going. You and the Frenchies'd better have a crack at these Nazis on yer own first and see what yer can do. Of course, if you make the mess of it we think you're going to, we or the Russkis will have to take a hand one day and get you out of it like we did last time. You don't seem to know your own minds between the Russians and the Dutchmen, but we know ours and we don't want those Nazis on top. No, Sir—definitely not."

Foreign correspondents are conditioned to have no responses to gossip from caféhouse waiters and taxi drivers; but later on I found this driver had only blurted out on Broadway pretty much what politicians, officials and their friends were discreetly discussing in Washington drawing rooms. I met one or two important business-men, one or two newspaper men who said, "Don't you worry, we shall be with you from the first day." But these were isolated cases, representative, I think, of quite a strong minority, but not more than that. On one thing everyone seemed agreed, that there was absolutely no chance of the United States committing itself in advance to supporting the "Western democracies" with arms. There is no man, no group of persons in the States capable of bringing this about, with things in Europe as they are to-day. At the other extreme are the absolute isolationists, who were making a great deal of noise in the Senate directed against Mr. Roosevelt while I was in Washington. As usual, the leaders of the protests were men from the West Coast or Middle West, who call New York "a political island in the Atlantic between America and Europe." In their cases isolationist feeling is really based on a genuine lack of interest and understanding. While the most advanced, vital and progressive America on the Eastern coast looks towards Europe, the West coast has its back turned firmly towards us while it anxiously watches Japan. And the Middle West, turning its back on both Europe and Asia, loses itself introspectively in purely American problems.

Not unnaturally, isolationist feeling is commoner among the younger generation. One night at a small dinner party in the country, when talk had turned towards the inevitable topic of America and the war, one young man of 25 said: "It is all very well, mother, for your generation to be so full of America's duty to preserve civilisation. You won't find quite the same burning idealism amongst my generation which will have to do the preserving for yours. We remember what you seem to have forgotten—how your generation was roped in 20 years ago for the war which was to preserve civilisation and to end war—only to discover that you had been jockeyed into defending the greed of Franco-British Imperialists against that of German Imperialists. We may like to consider ourselves radicals, liberals and idealists. Only a small minority has any use for Nazism and Fascism. But we can't forget that it is our entrails which are going to be left hanging on the barbed wire in Flanders or the Rhineland when you start out crusading. Well, we're inclined to let Europe do its own

crusading and to take a chance on being able to smash Nazism when it tries to cross the Atlantic." I asked him whether this was representative of a majority view amongst his generation and he said thoughtfully: "I guess it represents the ideas of a pretty big bunch of the college boys. But I must say that when they leave college and reach even my age, boys drift apart and get affected by all sorts of political currents, and though I'd regret it, I wouldn't be surprised to see most of my contemporaries falling into line behind the first military band that came recruiting down their street."

All the youngsters I talked to confirmed this division of opinion in their ranks and the fact that the youthful isolationists did not feel their doctrines to be sufficiently deeply rooted to stand the first gale of war. Apart from them, the awareness of Eastern America to the world danger of Fascism and Nazism, the deep hatred of it and the absolute conviction that America must in the end fight in self-defence against the spread of an ideology to which the Atlantic no longer formed a bar was surprising and encouraging. The average New Yorker comprehends what Nazism and Fascism really mean far better than the average Londoner and is far more determined to defeat it than Chamberlainite-Cliveden influences in the press have—at any rate until quite recently—allowed the Londoner to become. Recent exposures of Nazi conspiracies in South America, of Gestapo activities on transatlantic liners and of the German-American "Bund" are everywhere discussed. Ninety per cent., I was told, of transatlantic mail is marked "Not by any German vessel," and this not so much because of political theory as of the conviction that the sanctity of the mails is not guaranteed on German liners. Yet with all the concentrated hatred of Nazism there goes an "insular" dislike of ideological line-ups. The most popular phrase with the average New York business man is "We want none of your 'isms' over here." There is a great cult of one "ism" however—Americanism, which it is imagined will keep at bay the ideas of Socialism and Communism just as much as those of Nazism and Fascism. I think the Left in Europe fail to realise quite how strong this feeling is among even that section of the American middle class which is prepared to go great lengths in fighting Nazism. But Nazism is hated for its inhumanity and cruelty, particularly for its racial crimes and for its destruction of free thought and free speech. There is little tendency to contrast its economic theories with those of Socialism, and the average American would like to see Nazism stamped out of existence concurrently with a general lapse into obscurity of Leftism. No use to ask him which he would choose. He just reiterates: "Neither." Such an American believes his to be the only purely democratic country in the world. Democracy for him has nothing whatever to do with social conditions or economic theory. Britain's claim to democracy is for him invalidated by the existence of the Monarchy, titles of nobility and social class-consciousness. America is the land of the free. You are free to call your boss by his first name and he is free to pitch you out on the street without a penny or pension after a lifetime of service. There is a lot which is very attractive about this very real thing which is American democracy, and also something very naive in its complete failure to grasp the fundamentals of economic democracy.

Dislike of "isms," including Communism, does not prevent general condemnation of Mr. Chamberlain's refusal to enter into a full military alliance with Soviet Russia against Nazism. If any justification is felt necessary for America's refusal to bind herself in advance, it is found in this. And there is something more which must be realised in England. Even to so convinced an opponent of Chamberlainism as myself it was painful to find the deep distrust for the British Premier's policy which permeates all classes in America and the cynical disbelief in the sincerity of his conversion from the policy of appeasement by constant surrender. Nowhere was this distrust more evident than in Washington. Lord Lothian will have a hard task, for Mr. Chamberlain's selection of him as Ambassador has created absolute bewilderment in Washington. More than once I was asked whether I had any idea what was at the back of Mr. Chamberlain's mind in "sending us a man who up to a few months ago was busy selling Hitler to America and since then has been busily assuring everybody how completely Mr. Chamberlain was fooled by Hitler." And such questions were put by a number of the men with whom Lord Lothian will have to deal officially.

I put the following proposition up to business men, politicians, newspaper men, interventionists, isolationists, radicals and reactionaries, and received in practically every case an affirmative answer. "Is not the fairest presentation of America's attitude to-day to say that the Western European Powers can definitely count on being supplied—exclusively—with all the munitions and food supplies necessary to the successful prosecution of a war of defence against Axis aggression, and on the moral support of practically the entire press and public opinion of the United States? At the same time, is it true that America would like to stay out of the war altogether, that she will not come in if she sees that the Axis Powers can be defeated without her aid, but that she will stop at nothing to prevent the latter from being victorious?"

In several cases my informants in confirming this view added that America was so convinced of Mr. Chamberlain's responsibility for the present perilous position in Europe and increased military strength of the Axis Powers as to render advance commitments quite impossible of general acceptance, whoever might wish to make them. It was, however, indicated to me in Washington that the abrogation of the Neutrality Act is quite certain to come before long. Towards the close of my visit I noticed considerable reaction from the earlier pessimism concerning the possibility of avoiding war. In very authoritative quarters I found a further conviction—and that based on sensational grounds—that the war, if it came, would be of short duration. It was not only because, I was told, Germany's reserves were even now insufficient for a prolonged campaign. There was sound evidence available of the determination of the Reichswehr and a section of industry and finance to save Germany from utter destruction by overthrowing the Nazi regime "before the battle of the Marne, in order to demand, as an undefeated Power, a reasonable peace from the enemy." The power thus to overthrow the Nazis could only be acquired by the Reichswehr after the outbreak of hostilities. Then came the sensational conclusion.

"We have definite evidence in this country that Goebbels, Göring, Ribbentrop and a number of other Nazi leaders are busily—and secretly—building up personal fortunes abroad. About the only prominent leader concerning whom we have no definite evidence to this effect is Adolf Hitler himself. But the evidence we do have is convincing enough for us that the Nazi Party is not preparing to die in the last ditch."

New York. G. E. R. GEDYE

WHOSE VICTORY IN SPAIN?

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT RECENTLY IN SPAIN]

By its formal adherence to the Anti-Comintern Pact and the conclusion of a Spanish-German Trade Agreement, Nationalist Spain has officially proclaimed itself to be exactly what it had unofficially been for more than two years—a part of the Axis. Only the British and French Governments have avoided seeing that this is an accomplished fact. Unwilling to admit the collapse of their policy, they instructed their Ambassadors to attend the Victory Parade in Madrid; and the French, in spite of the open insults heaped on Marshal Pétain, are scrupulously carrying out the Bérard agreement by handing over (for use against themselves) the war material brought by the Republican army into France. Though Mr. Chamberlain has denied rumours of a Government loan, the City is very active and the names of Lazards Bank and M. Van Zeeland are mentioned in connection with commercial credits. Here at least appeasement is still in full swing, and if General Franco remains obdurately anti-democratic, it can always be urged that he is "acting under pressure" and needs more time.

But throughout the Spanish war and post-war period General Franco has never changed his role. His very desire to avoid creating any further difficulties that might affect his own personal position makes him a pliable instrument in the hands of whatever group holds the power in his country. His neutrality proclamation was part of German international strategy in the Munich period; it was, in fact, a very successful move in the difficult game of handling Britain. The grandiloquent statements he is making now, to the effect that Europe ought to be aware that his one million Spanish soldiers are equal to four millions by reason of their war experience, dovetail equally well into the new stage of the game in which Gibraltar may serve as the counterpart of Danzig.

Actually Franco, a convenient figurehead, is the common denominator shared by the three forces that now rule Spain in a precarious condominium—the Falange, the Spanish Catholic Church and Germany. The shifting of power from one to the other, the interrelationship and mutual penetration of the three, make up Spanish domestic politics. Italy comes into the picture as an outside force; and the Nationalist army, or rather its officers, is a main object of each group's propaganda and to some extent provides the basis for each group's position. But the fundamental factors remain Germany, the Falange and the Church.

In Nationalist Spanish newspapers and in Burgos and Madrid broadcasts, it is only the two Spanish factors, the Falange and the Church, which are mentioned. The Church, that peculiar apparatus of the Spanish high clergy, with its hold on education and family life as well as on the army and the banks, is in this case mainly a domestic factor. It is only a section of Spanish Catholicism, but it is the section which has helped Franco throughout the war and banned the Basque priests. It is equipped with a powerful chain of auxiliary organisations, from political and semi-military bodies such as the Requetés (who survive intact in spite of their official submergence into the One Big National Party) to charity leagues and pious confraternities. These organisations flourished in rebel Spain and are now spread, through the agency of women and children, over the whole conquered area, especially in the villages. The Falangists begin the struggle without any real foothold. But an inner contradiction exists which will in time work against these old-fashioned clerical bodies.

The Spanish Church stands for the old structure of Spain, with all the fossilised strata of a degenerate feudalism. Even the financial power of the Society of Jesus—its hold over the Urquijo and the Vizcaya Bank—is based on the atrophy of Spanish capital and industry in general. The clerical educational and propaganda organisation was well calculated to preserve the old conditions. But those old conditions have disintegrated not only in Republican Spain, where in spite of all the muddle and all the horror the people had a taste of self-administration and personal freedom, but on Franco's side as well. The silent German administration and the new industrialisation there are pushing forward against the inefficiency of traditionalist Spain.

This is where the Falange comes in. It loudly proclaims its essentially Spanish character, at the same time professing a social programme modelled on the best demagogic patterns exploited by the Nazis before they came into power. It does not possess the ready-made organisations at the disposal of the Church, but it is constantly creating new ones. These are only partly uniformed terror gangs; the latter are supplemented by Fascist trade unions organised on the basis of anti-feudal, anti-capitalist agitation. But in Spain, with its backward economy, anti-capitalist agitation can easily be given a twist away from modern big business and be directed against the usurers and moneylenders who have always been the most hated people in the countryside, hand-in-glove with the agents of the absentee landlords. The politically conscious Republicans know that the Falange is the Spanish form of the international Fascism that has bombed and starved and fought them, and now kills them under a pretence of legality in gaol. But the politically conscious are a rather small minority. Over all there is a great post-war weariness and a great bitterness and a feeling of having been let down by everybody and everything, even by international democracy and Socialism. This gives the Falange an opportunity of swaying large sections of the Spanish masses, thanks to fear and apathy on one hand and to social demagogy on the other. After all, the Falange, in comparison with the reactionary Monarchists and Carlists, is a modern movement. Its leaders are real Fascists, which the diverse groups of generals and bigots, of slick Conservatives like Suñer and ranting officers like Millan Astray, are not.

As far back as the spring of 1937 Manuel Hedilla, the Führer of the Falangists after the death of Antonio Primo de Rivera, declared that Traditionalists and Carlists ought to disappear as no longer possessing any historical function; it was impossible to accept such "archaic" remnants as political instruments, he proclaimed. Hedilla was put into gaol, only to be saved by German intervention. Hedilla's statement had immediately preceded the formation of the first formal Franco Government, in which Conservatives held the most important positions. It was a more clerical than Fascist government. But at the same time Franco accepted twenty-six of the twenty-seven points in the Falange programme, and this remains the platform of his regime. And the Falangists, grouped round a German-trained nucleus, are now more powerful than ever. Their social philosophy is called National Syndicalism. This is a suitable adaptation of National Socialism; it provides for the primitive anarcho-syndicalism of the average Spaniard and his hatred of all politics and politicians. The Falangists, moreover, are now accepted as being anti-feudalist and anti-reactionary, and by implication anti-clerical. They preach nationalism—and resentment against all foreigners is predominant in the whole of Spain.

Franco makes warlike speeches. The newspapers discuss military education for the future, i.e., the future war. There is much talk of Greater Spain, the Spanish Empire, the Latin Sisters in South America. Germany is not pushed into the foreground, except in discussions of foreign politics, where the blunders of the "rotten democracies" are contrasted with the successes of the vigorous totalitarian states. The national inferiority complex of the Spanish middle classes is soothed by the prospect of new expansion. Moreover, the old propaganda about Gibraltar is revived, exactly as it was during the Great War. The stage is set for any "Spanish" imperialist campaign that the Axis powers might wish to launch. "Greater Spain," in the form of an alliance with Latin-American dictatorships, would fit perfectly into the German *pénétration pacifique* of South America. Behind the scenes on which Franco and Suñer strut the Falange is being groomed as the most adequate vehicle for German ambitions.

Nevertheless, for the time being neither the Falange nor Germany can afford to estrange the third factor, the Church. While each of the three tries to build up its particular strength and influence, at this stage in the formation of a Totalitarian State, with hundreds of thousands still in concentration camps, they have to hold together.

A LONDON DIARY

ERNST TOLLER was one of the rare people to whom one inevitably attributes the quality of genius. He had its fire, its intensity and instability. When he first came to England in 1933 I knew him only as a famous playwright of the Left who had fought in the war, been a leader in the short-lived revolutionary government at Munich, and been much in prison. Most of that story is in *I Was a German*—a brilliant and courageous book. His most perfect work was the *Swallow Book*, which ranks with Rosa Luxemburg's *Letters from Prison* as the highest lyrical achievement of German revolutionary art. He happened to be in Switzerland when the Nazis came into power and was warned not to go back. Everything he had in the world was taken and he was outlawed. Not quite everything. When he arrived here I remember him speaking

of the fate of his friends who had been flogged or murdered. Then he said, " But, see, I am lucky. I have all I need. I have my head to think with, my pen to write with, and my behind to sit down on." He set to work to write in English with varying success. At least one of his new plays went well, but I learnt from watching him how terrible a punishment exile is to an artist. The tree is pulled up at the roots and it is not easy to grow new ones in a new soil, tradition and language. When we were all getting pretty desperate about Spain last autumn Toller rushed in. Sometimes, he said, individuals can succeed where influential organisations fail, and he visited Cabinet Ministers in Scandinavia, France and England to get their promise of support if America would initiate a big scheme of food ships. He got a lot of publicity for his proposal in America; the Quakers came round handsomely and he wrote full of hope and excitement, claiming only a bit of the success for his own efforts. The food, as we know, came too late. The news of his suicide in the papers on Tuesday was heart-breaking. He was full of vitality and vigour. At 46 he should have been in his prime as a writer. I had not known he was hard up; reports from Hollywood suggested that he had been doing well, and I should have thought that he could always have made a living as a lecturer. But he was terribly unbusinesslike, quite hopeless in the management of his time and money, and I shall not be surprised to hear that his affairs were in an awful muddle. He is the latest victim of the Nazis, for it is not true that a writer—especially a romantic writer like Toller—only needs his pen and his head and somewhere to sit and write; he needs a world in which he can think and hope.

* * *

Queen Mary has added to her already immense popularity by an admirable calm in a particularly nasty road accident. To climb out of an overturned car, sit for half an hour chatting and ask for nothing but a cup of tea—that is exactly how we should all like Royalty and ourselves to behave when we narrowly escape death. Queen Mary's accident has for the moment stolen publicity from the King and Queen's American journey. Their visit to Canada and the United States is a sensible idea and it is not their fault that the headlines are about quins and curtsies, nor that some of the American columnists have tried to make things difficult. The twaddle about the hot-water bottles (in the intense heat of Washington in June!) is, I believe, nothing but malicious invention. Sir Ronald Lindsay's comments on the question about whether one bows from the waist and so forth were a natural reply to anxious queries about how to behave when one meets Royalty. American press-women on the special train are reported to be practising curtsies, with occasional disasters. A large body of opinion is now veering towards the handshake as more democratic. As yet Royalty has wisely said nothing. But all this ballyhoo is soon forgotten, and I believe Raymond Swing to have been perfectly right in prophesying in his wireless talk to England last Saturday that the royal visit would be as popular in the United States as it has already been in Canada.

* * *

It is not the first time that democrats have been perplexed over how to greet authority socially. Maxime Lisbonne, the Communard, had for adequate reasons to present himself at the levée of President Carnot, and to wear a dress coat. He was severely taken to task by his constituents, a society called the Equals of Montmartre. The *Commonweal* of February, 1888, reports his defence, " Citizens," he said, " it is true that I have visited the President of the Republic. I can assure you that he receives the people in a good and honourable manner. But you will ask why should I, Lisbonne, and not another, have gone to the palace of the President as the representative of the people? For a very good reason; I was the only one who possessed a dress coat." " How did you get it? " shouted several voices, " Have you been herding with the Aristos? " " Citizens," continued Maxime Lisbonne, " you are aware that I am an actor. I had a dress coat in which I performed the part of the Manager in *Thirty Years, Or The Life Of An Actor* at the Bouffes du Nord. I found this old coat somewhat out of fashion and stained with grease spots, from which I cleansed it with spirits. One of Citizen Carnot's guests, as he passed, sniffed at me and observed: ' It is a notion which would have occurred to nobody but a revolutionist to perfume himself with petroleum '."

* * *

The trouble about Lord Runciman's directorships has stirred the *Times* to a leading article under the alluring headline " Tired Ministers." Airily waving aside the anxieties of " the purists " about the propriety of the position, the writer concentrates his attention on the more pleasant problem of Ministerial holidays with pay. Lamenting the spacious days when Cabinet work was a relief from the arduous tasks of huntin' and fishin', he asks himself how certain Ministers, who clearly need a rest, can obtain one without damaging the prestige of the government and their own careers. Who are these tired Ministers? Some, we gather from the *Times's* remark that the Government " is notoriously weak in much of its *personnel*," need a permanent holiday. Lord Stanhope perhaps? Sir John Simon? Surely not. The Government would no longer be " national." Sir Thomas Inskip? Very likely, but then does Sir Thomas matter? It is all very puzzling. Room is to be made for Lord Trenchard and someone is to go on holiday. The National Government is to go on for ever. However often Ministers " break down or prove to be failures, let the process of trial and error go on." Sure thing. But who is the *Times* getting at? Whose retirement should be regarded as " an act of virtue, not of suicide "?

* * *

I have often been asked what happened to the Czech air force, and was especially interested to obtain last week from a completely reliable source the following facts. After the occupation of Prague, the Germans removed the guns from the Czech planes and then ordered the pilots to fly them to Germany. At first a number disappeared en route, then they were flown in groups of three followed by three German planes with machine-guns trained on them. A few weeks ago former members of the Czech air force received a printed form instructing them to volunteer for service in Germany, with a " tear-off " on which to send their answer by return. Those who accepted were distributed among the German squadrons, and were all of them, irrespective of their qualifications, made machine-gunners. All German members of a machine's crew are equipped with parachutes, but the Czech machine-gunners are not. This device is to ensure that, if they want to return home from a flight, they must bring the enemy machine down.

* * *

S. K. Ratcliffe, the best of Britain's unofficial ambassadors, has completed his twenty-fifth year of lecturing in the United States, and the occasion was celebrated on Wednesday night in the House of Commons at a very informal dinner party of his friends. Walter Elliot, Tom Jones, J. J. Mallon, Edward Thompson, C. M. Lloyd and Sir Arthur Salter were among the company, and so too were the editors of five papers to pay tribute to S. K. R. as an old friend and contributor. There was A. G. G. to talk of the old *Daily News*, G. P. Gooch of the *Contemporary*, and James Bone, London Editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, as well as the editors of the *Spectator* and of this journal. I have seldom heard more good stories in a short space of time. The least easy to forget was the description of the office of Lord Privy Seal, so called because the holder is not a Lord, a Privy or a Seal.

* * *

When nations have prepared for war in the past the experts have usually had a rough notion of the relative value of different types of armaments. To-day nobody is sure about one of the most essential questions—the power of the bomber to hamper a navy. Various conclusions can be drawn from the Spanish war, but the only battle of any size that I know of between the air and the sea is pretty old now. It is interesting rather

than helpful. Ray Postgate in his *How to Make a Revolution* tells the story of this struggle which took place in Chile in 1932. The Navy had gone "Red" and the Air Force had remained loyal. Despite the extreme vulnerability of Chile from the sea, and the fact that there was a strong Navy and a weak Air Force, the Navy surrendered in a matter of hours rather than days. The casualties were relatively small because the odds made resistance foolish. The conflict was not in fact finished when the Navy surrendered, because the Air Force also became infected with the "Red" views; but while the battle was on the Navy was helpless. But it is by no means certain that this example is of much assistance. Postgate's account suggests that the anti-aircraft equipment of the Chilean Navy in 1932 was not at all efficient even at the time he wrote (1934). Moreover—and this is the crucial point—the increasing speed of aircraft has made it more difficult to hit any target. At a speed of 100 m.p.h. you can hope to hit an object as small as a cruiser. At 400 or so m.p.h. it is grotesquely difficult and if you slow down to old-time speeds or drop down near enough to be sure of a hit the guns will get you. Captain Wintringham in his recent *Fact* gives a supporting example. In a Spanish port known to him, German and Italian planes of modern type piloted by Germans and Italians bombed "large petrol storage tanks . . . continually from July 31st, 1937, to July 31st, 1938. In the first eight months there were twelve air raids and in the later four months there were twenty-one. . . . And the petrol tanks were hit—once." A cruiser is, I should imagine, at least no easier target than an unarmed, immobile, large petrol tank.

* * *

The *Times* has its good points. After reporting that King Victor Emmanuel has conferred the Order of the Annunziata on Herr von Ribbentrop, it adds:

> The last two foreign recipients of the Order of the Annunziata were King Zog and the Emperor Haile Selassie.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to E. J. Walls.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

> Never in my life have I read such dreadful nonsense as your article "An Alliance with Russia is Vital." Have you not yet grasped the fact that the success of Herr Hitler, Signor Mussolini and General Franco is due to the fact that they are inspired by God to save the world from the ghastly doctrine of Bolshevism? Bolsheviks practice sexual immorality of such a depraved kind that the normal English mind cannot grasp it.—Letter in *Picture Post*.

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> Since we have a Scottish Queen, it seems appropriate that Rideau Hall, the Government House at Ottawa, should have been built by a Scotsman.—Irene Veal in *Radio Times*.

> When I think that a man like Lloyd George gets up and criticises a man like Mr. Chamberlain, I just lose all the wool I ever had.—Lord Nuffield.

DANZIG

IT is nearly thirteen years since I was in Danzig. When I think of the place three impressions revive in my memory. The first is that of the Marienkirche, or St. Mary's Church, the immense red brick cathedral designed by the Teutonic Knights in the fourteenth century to symbolise their domination over the North Eastern March of the Holy Roman Germanic Empire. I can recall no other edifice that expresses quite so fully as this the temper of the Order which began to build it in 1343, though the Order itself had begun to go to pieces before the Marienkirche was finished in 1503. So corrupt had the Teutonic Order become by the middle of the fifteenth century that in 1455 Danzig shook off its yoke and submitted to the King of Poland to whom it was formally ceded, along with the whole of West Prussia, at the Peace of Thorn.

My second memory is that of a small and delicate chapel in the late Renaissance style built by one of the Kings of Poland not far from the Teutonic pile of the Marienkirche. It looks like a tender flower blossoming at the foot of a mighty rock, a flower whose seed might have been wafted thither by some breath of culture and civilisation from a more favoured clime.

And my third memory is that of being shown by the German Mayor of Danzig, in the beautiful Gothic Town Hall, a large map of the City and of Poland which, if I remember rightly, was dated 1762. It showed West Prussia, the "Corridor," and Danzig as integral parts of Poland, and looked extremely modern. For Danzig, though nominally subject to Poland, and represented in the Polish Diets and at the election of Polish Kings, enjoyed the rights of a Free City, and governed a considerable territory with more than 30 villages. Almost the only change in 1926 was that Danzig and her territory had been placed under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations so that they might serve as Poland's "outlet to the sea."

Among the German Danzigers with whom I talked some 13 years ago none seemed to chafe at the reversion of their City to its ancient function, nor did any appear to doubt that the welfare of Danzig must depend far more upon trade with Poland than on any political connection with the German Reich. There were heart-burnings about the nascent Polish port of Gdynia which, the Danzigers feared, might become a serious rival to Danzig. Such resentment as they showed came from a prospect of what Italians call *mancato guadagno*—failure to make as much as they might otherwise get out of Polish trade. But there was embarrassed silence when I asked whether the Polish decision to develop Gdynia might not have been due to the refusal of the Danzig dockers in 1920 to unload British munitions and other war supplies for the Polish forces in their fight against the Russian Red Army.

I felt a sort of personal interest in Danzig. It went back to the early weeks and months of 1919 at the Paris Peace Conference. Before the Conference began, Colonel House, the adviser of President Wilson, had asked me to suggest a plan for its organisation and for the establishment of a League of Nations. One part of my plan was meant to ensure that the main lines of the Peace Treaty would be drafted quickly. The Allied armies were still mobilised; the situation in Germany and Central Europe would be likely to get out of hand if there should be needless delay; and President Wilson, like the principal Allied statesmen, was very ignorant of the complicated questions which he and they would have to decide.

So I proposed that small expert committees of men who really knew their history and their geography should be set up to report upon the most urgent questions, that they be instructed to present their reports by a definite date, and that their conclusions be cast in the form of articles of a treaty. President Wilson and the Allied Prime Ministers, as a Supreme Council, could then, I thought, examine and judge these articles without loss of time. Colonel House liked this idea all the better because Philippe Berthelot, the Director-General of the French Foreign Office, had made a similar suggestion. House and Berthelot felt it would be important not to let the "big men" deal with and—probably—quarrel over details of which they knew little or nothing. "Keep the commanders out of the firing line" was Berthelot's advice.

Up to a point, but only up to a point, this was done. An expert "Commission on Polish Affairs" was set up under the chairmanship of Sir Eyre Crowe of the British Foreign Office. It considered the question of Danzig in all its bearings; and on March 18th, 1919, it reported unanimously that Danzig must be assigned to Poland. This conclusion was concurred in by another expert body, the Central Territorial Committee, in its report on the future frontiers of Poland.

Unluckily, by that time the "big men" had formed themselves into a Council of Ten and had gone into the "firing line." Before they could be got out again and relegated to

their proper function as a "Supreme Council" the Peace Conference itself was in a terrible mess. Well do I remember the anxiety of the British experts that the conclusion of the Commission on Polish Affairs about Danzig should be adopted promptly. It was Sir William (now Lord) Tyrrell, I believe, who was deputed to see Mr. Lloyd George about this on March 18th. After the interview his impression was that the British Prime Minister would move the adoption of the Commission's report; and he was somewhat taken aback when Mr. Philip Kerr (now Lord Lothian), who was Mr. Lloyd George's political secretary, told him that the "P.M." would do nothing of the kind. So, indeed, it turned out. On March 19th it was the veteran French diplomatist, M. Jules Cambon, who supported the assignment of Danzig to Poland, and Mr. Lloyd George who opposed it. He insisted that the report be referred back to the Commission on Polish Affairs for reconsideration.

So the Commission went over the ground again, only to report unanimously on March 22nd that "their original proposal offered the best possible solution to the problem which they were called upon to solve." Overborne by weight of evidence Mr. Lloyd George yielded for a moment, albeit on the understanding that the Commission's view might subsequently be revised by the Supreme Council. It was revised. Danzig was not assigned to Poland, as a free port or otherwise, but was placed with its territory as a free State under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations, Poland being given certain rights which were so ill-defined as to put a premium upon future friction between her and the Danzigers.

My memory of this incident has always been lively. I thought it then and still think it an example of the harm that can be done by well-meaning amateurs in the handling of complicated international affairs. And when I was at Danzig in 1926 I told some of the leading German Danzigers that I had agreed with the Commission on Polish Affairs at the Peace Conference. Nor was I surprised when they replied *sotto voce* that a clean cut would have been far better for everybody than the hybrid arrangements of the Peace Treaty.

But as memory may be a fickle jade I have since refreshed it by looking up public and private records. Of public records the most trustworthy is Mr. David Hunter Miller's *My Diary of the Peace Conference*. On pages 118–119 of Vol. XIX of that monumental work the bare bones of the story may be found. My private records confirm it less sedately. I should say that during the greater part of the Paris Peace Conference I wrote every night a confidential memorandum upon its proceedings for the information at once of Lord Northcliffe, who was ill in the South of France, and of my colleagues on the *Times* in London. Under date of March 20th, 1919, I find the following:

> Yesterday in the Council of Ten the Western frontier of Poland and the question of Danzig were under discussion. The Conference Commission on Poland has worked extremely well under the chairmanship of Sir Eyre Crowe. Its report was unanimous. It assigned Danzig to Poland. Wilson agreed that this was inevitable, and it was hoped that the Council would settle the business quickly. Ll. G. thought fit, however, to reopen the whole question and raised so many difficulties that the sitting was practically useless. Thus a precious day was wasted. One point, however, was interesting. The Italians did their best to oppose the arguments of the Commission in favour of giving Danzig to Poland because they felt that to admit the principle that a big Hinterland must have access to the sea would be to invalidate their own claims to Fiume. But Wilson stuck to his guns and laid down the principle that if Danzig is in majority German it is the only available outlet for Poland and that it must go to Poland. It is hoped that Ll. G. will come into line and accept the Commission's report to-night or to-morrow. But the French are certainly on strong ground in their claim that when an expert Commission reports unanimously the Governments which appoint it ought not to reject its recommendations for amateurish reasons.

My memorandum dated March 22nd, 1919, begins thus:

> We are now right in the middle of the real crisis of the Conference. Colonel House was so disgusted last night at the way things have been muddled that he said: "We are going along so fast that it almost makes me giddy. Snails are racehorses in comparison with these big statesmen." Wilson came out of the sitting cursing everybody and everything, saying that he had done nothing but talk for 48 hours and that he was getting disgusted with the whole performance. Ll. G., who had been the cause of this last delay, was compelled to swallow the unanimous report of the Commission on Poland, but tried to hang up the decision by saying that his acceptance ought only to be regarded as provisional. Everybody is therefore asking what will happen when territorial questions come up on which the expert Commissions are not agreed, if this sort of thing happens in regard to a question on which both the expert Commission and the general Territorial Commission of the Conference were absolutely agreed.

Now, 20 years later, the wheel has come full circle. The position, as I understand it, is that if Hitler tries to get Danzig for Germany, and Poland fights against this threat to her independence, we are bound to come to the help of Poland with all the means in our power. People who know as little of what is really at stake as Mr. Lloyd George knew in 1919 are asking whether we ought to "fight for Danzig"—just as they asked last year whether we ought to "fight for Czechoslovakia." But, as a Conservative Member of Parliament, Mr. Mark Patrick, observed in the *Times* of May 18th: "With precisely equal logic they might have reproached the Duke of Wellington for fighting for the indifferent agricultural land round Waterloo, or have blamed Sir John French for losing tens of thousands of men in defence of a second-rate market town like Ypres."

What is really at stake at Danzig and in the Polish "Corridor"? Nothing less than Polish independence on the one hand, and German domination of Poland and the Baltic on the other. Frederick the Great said truly that whoever holds Danzig has more power in Poland than the King of Poland himself; and Herr Rauschning, the former Nazi President of the Danzig Senate, wrote on May 6th that

> To-day the occupation of Danzig by German troops would give Germany a most important strategical key-position, enabling her to seize the Vistula Corridor. A transfer of Danzig to the Reich would amount to a fourth partition of Poland. . . . Hence the fate of Poland and even the future of the Western Powers is the problem at issue, not simply an isolated action against Danzig.

Hitler and the German General Staff care just as much, and just as little, for the welfare of Danzig as they cared for the welfare of the Sudeten Germans last year. They cared much for the possession of the Czechoslovak fortifications and arsenals; and they care much for the strategic encirclement of Poland by the control of Danzig and the "Corridor" and unhampered military access to East Prussia. When M. Zaleski, the Polish Foreign Minister, offered publicly in February, 1929, to demilitarise the "Corridor" and the whole frontier region, on condition that East Prussia were also demilitarised and allowed to trade freely with Poland, pre-Nazi Germany turned a deaf ear. The German aim is neither racial nor economic; it is strategic.

Danzig, as Poland's outlet to the sea, means nothing less than the chance of freedom for Europe, including our own. And when I think of what might happen if the chance were lost, I see the towering mass of Teutonic red brick which, in the form of the Marienkirche, overshadows Danzig, stand out in sharp relief against a lurid sky. WICKHAM STEED

SPIDERS

A GOOD many people have been writing to the *Times* lately saying either that they are afraid of spiders or that whoever is afraid of spiders ought to be ashamed of himself or, as the coward is usually a woman, of herself. Fear of spiders is undoubtedly one of the commonest instincts; it is also one of the most irrational. There are few living creatures that do more good and less harm than spiders. It is sometimes said of a man of gentle character that he would not hurt a fly; and I agree that no spider ever reaches such heights of moral excellence as that. But, short of this, spiders are living embodiments of harmlessness. They do not pester like flies or daddy-longlegs: they do not sting like wasps or bite like mosquitoes. Instead of attacking human beings, they hurry off at their approach. And they do not make a noise.

Besides these negative virtues they have the positive virtue of ridding man of some of his worst enemies. Hygienists tell us to "swat that fly." The spider, if given a free hand, will save us that trouble. One correspondent of the *Times* points out that spiders are also a very efficient, if ruthless, police force protecting us against the equally ruthless mosquito. He says of a lady who is afraid of mosquitoes in her bedroom: "I fancy she would find relief from her horror if she watched their antics, darting across the ceiling and up and down walls: it is a splendid relief when it is so hot that one cannot get to sleep to watch them pounce on their prey, the lurking mosquito, who is waiting for you to doze off. . . I have had to search the walls myself before getting into bed for that droning fiend, the mosquito, but feel quite protected when I see a spider or two doing duty."

Fear of spiders, however, I imagine, is no more to be reasoned with than fear of heights. If I stand on the edge of a mountain-precipice and look down, reason tells me that I am as safe as if I were in a London street; but my brain reels and my knees turn to water at sight of all that emptiness of air below me. However beautiful the view, its beauty is to me sheer horror. I suspect that the lady, even if her reason were convinced of the beneficence of spiders, would be equally incapable of controlling her horror as she watched their antics on the ceiling and up and down the walls. There is a creepicrawliness about spiders that suggests to the imagination of some people infinite possibilities of evil. So deep-seated is the horror of spiders that the majority of human beings even find themselves sentimentally on the side of the fly as the spider sets its trap for it. "'Will you walk into my parlour?' said the spider to the fly" could have been written only by someone whom hatred of spiders had deprived of common sense.

For myself, I am afraid of most things, but I have no fear of spiders. When I am in a country cottage and hear a yell of "Spider!" from a bedroom at night, I know that it is I alone who am expected to approach the spider manfully and to eject him into the darkness. As I draw near with an empty tumbler and, having covered him with it, slip a sheet of paper under it and carry him in this excellent trap to the window-sill, women and children praise me rapturously as though I had done a heroic deed worthy of the Victoria Cross. Yet, there is nothing in it. I simply happen to be a man who reserves his fears for objects worthy of them, such as dogs and wasps. Even so I used to feel a certain pride in being above at least one human weakness. I might have gone on feeling proud if I had not read a book one day about animal sympathies and antipathies and discovered that sympathy with spiders is the mark, not of a heroic, but of a vicious nature.

Yet there is this to be said for me: I have never gone so far as to keep them as pets as some people do. So at least I gather from a natural-history book in which the author says: "Spiders can be kept in captivity with very little trouble. A glass jar makes a good prison, and it is interesting to discover how intelligent your captive becomes, recognising the time when you are about to 'feed' it. I have frequently kept specimens for the whole season in this way." The writer, it must be admitted, makes out a good case for his liking for spiders. He tells us, for example, that spiders have beautiful eyes—six or eight of them in these islands. "It is worth while," he declares, "to examine them under a microscope or magnifying glass to realise their brilliancy and colour, some of them being of a beautiful ruby colour." If nervous women only looked into those beautiful eyes through a magnifying glass, they would perhaps be reassured.

After this they might even go so far as to take the advice of the writer, Mr. S. N. Sedgwick, and go in for collecting spiders as a hobby. "Not very much is needed," they will learn, "in the way of paraphernalia. A few chip boxes, or one or two small wide-mouthed bottles; a good net, or an umbrella; a small tin or two in which to carry nests or cocoons; and a few tubes, such as those in which homoeopathic remedies are sold, about 3 inches long." We are not told exactly what to do with the umbrella when going after spiders; but it may be that the mere act of carrying an umbrella has a soothing effect.

And, if nervous women prefer collecting dead spiders to collecting living ones, Mr. Sedgwick can also advise them on how to do this. He describes the method of one naturalist who "mounted his spiders on strips of porcelain—glass would serve the purpose as well—covered with paraffin-wax, the body and legs being placed in position, and fixed by melting the wax in contact with the spider with a hot needle." Perhaps, if every home contained a collection of spiders in a glass case on the nursery wall, little girls would grow up with friendlier feelings towards the friendliest of their fellow-creatures.

Friendliness towards spiders might also in these days be encouraged on feminist grounds, for, so far as I can discover, the female sex is triumphant in the world of the spider. "Except in the case of the water-spider (*Argyroneta*)," says the Encyclopaedia, "the males are smaller, sometimes very much smaller, than the females, but have proportionately longer legs and smaller bodies." And the female surpasses the male, not only in physique, but in dominance of character. "Owing to the smaller size of the male, and the greater voracity of the female," says the same authority, "the male makes his advances to his mate at the risk of his life, and is not infrequently killed and eaten by her." No question here of a man-made world. In the matter of sex-domination the spiders seem to have effectively redressed the balance.

And, if women should respect spiders for their feministic triumphs, children should learn to love them as they read of spider-children engaged in their favourite sport. "Many young spiders," says Mr. Sedgwick, "travel by means of a sort of gossamer parachute. Standing on tiptoe, with abdomen elevated, the young spider spins out into the air a silken thread which floats upward. When this is sufficiently long, the spider gives a slight jump into the air, and is then launched on its aerial voyage, to descend at last some distance—perhaps, miles—from its starting point." If an English child had never seen a spider but had only read of one behaving like this on a South Sea island, would it not long to go there and see for itself so ravishing an insect? Miss Muffitt herself might not have fled so precipitately if she had thought of the spider as a creature who, when it was small, used to stand on tiptoe and give a slight jump into the air as it sailed off on its gossamer parachute. Children should learn to look on the spider as a sort of Wendy. If they did, they would soon lose their horror of it.

Or is it possible that fear of spiders is as ineradicable an instinct as the less common fear of cats? Or do psycho-analysts know the cause of it and can they cure it? It has evidently nothing in common with normal cowardice, for I have seen a small girl thoroughly enjoying an air-raid and have heard her, a night later, screaming for help at sight of a garden spider. To me the whole thing is inexplicable. It is one more, I fear, of many proofs that human beings do not know what is good for them.

Y. Y.

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Other People's Gardens

THERE exists, as most persons interested in such matters have by now discovered, an admirable and well-organised scheme which enables us to visit other people's gardens.* In the old days we used to peer wistfully over a hedge, allured by some gay border, some group of flowering shrubs, wishing with all our heart that we might penetrate further and wander

* Address: The Queen's Institute of District Nursing, 57 Lower Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1, from whom the complete list of gardens may be obtained.

unhurried and unescorted through the suggestive revelation of somebody else's ideas. Nothing but a shrinking from the thought of intrusion prevented us from ringing the front-door bell and asking for the necessary permission, no doubt gladly to be granted, since all keen gardeners are friendly, generous, ungrudging people. Now, all that is changed. Our longing need no longer be thwarted, even by our own delicacy. In return for one silver shilling laid down on a table we have the freedom of the most beautiful gardens in England, magnificent and modest alike. In return for one shilling we are made citizens of the most lovely, private, and idealistic of boroughs —the gardener's own intimate familiar home.

We have been called a nation of shop-keepers; we might with equal justice be called a nation of gardeners. The membership-roll of the Royal Horticultural Society climbs, I believe, towards forty thousand. I know that this figure cannot rival the Tail-Waggers, who have now passed the half-million mark, but, taking the two societies together, gardeners and dog-lovers, the figures must surely represent something essentially peaceful and amiable in our national life. A nation that so profoundly and extensively loves flowers and dogs must surely have something very unbellicose in its make-up. I remember once attending a flower-show in Berlin, where the principal exhibit was of the most spiky and truculent forms of cactus, grey-green bayonets, murderous pikes—symbolical, I thought, at the time, although that was more than ten years ago and the Führer's name only an insignificant whisper. The second principal exhibit was an avenue of tombstones, appropriately decorated with wreaths or bouquets of tin flowers. In a flash I saw English cottage gardens; I saw the fortnightly shows at Vincent Square; the dove-coloured spinsters coming up from the country with their little note-books, peering closely down into the mealy auriculas, taking notes, placing their orders rather cautiously since they could not afford to be unduly extravagant and must cogitate longly over even a sixpenny packet of seed; then lingering over the flaming azaleas, the rose-red prunus, all so enticing; and then the *sotto-voce* conversations: "But you know, my dear, one can't *trust* these nurserymen; they tell you something is perfectly hardy when of course it isn't, except perhaps in Devonshire, and anyhow one knows they bring things on under glass, so how can one order things happily to try out in one's own garden?" So, worried and dubious, they go round the halls at Vincent Square; but at any rate they are dealing with real possible flowers, not with the sinister cacti and mortuary wreaths of the Berlin equivalent of our Chelsea show.

This worry and dubiousness is naturally removed when you go round somebody else's garden. No fake is possible there: you see things growing in the open where they have always grown. There is no question of not trusting the nurseryman, or of things having been grown for a specific purpose under glass. This is the main difference between the garden and the show. In the garden you see things growing as they have grown in their natural way, taking their chance of frost, wind, and rain. No spurious advantage has been brought to it except the love and green fingers of the owner.

It is a real experience to open one's garden to the public. In a sense you might think it a desecration, a violation of one's patch of private peace. "How offensive," you might think, "to have eight hundred strangers straggling all over one's very personal property!" You would be wrong. It is a pleasure; even a form of flattery. It removes all sense of guilty egoistic pleasure. You share your personal delight; the scheme you have built up for ten, twenty years becomes part of the pleasure of hundreds of inquisitive eager gardeners, makers of beauty. It is very necessary to have makers of beauty left in a world seemingly bent on making the most evil ugliness. These mild, gentle men and women who invade one's garden after putting their silver token into the bowl, these true peace-makers, these inoffensive lovers of nature in her gayest form, these homely souls who will travel fifty miles with a fox-terrier on a lead, who will pore over a label, taking notes in a pocket-book—those are some of the people I most gladly welcome and salute. Between them and myself, a particular form of courtesy seems to survive, a gardener's courtesy, in a world where courtesy is giving place to rougher things.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

FAR-DARTING APOLLO

I saw the sun step like a gentleman
dressed in black and proud as sin.
I saw the sun walk across London
like a young M.P. risen for the occasion.

His tread was light, his tread was dancing,
his lips were smiling, his eyes glancing.
Over the Cenotaph in Whitehall
the sun scored a goal with my unknown skull.

The sun plays tennis on the court of Geneva
with the guts of a Finn the head of an emperor,
the sun plays squash in a tomb of marble,
the horses of apocalypse are in his stable.

The sun plays darts with the people of Spain
three by three in flight formation.
The scorching wheels of his yellow car
are the discs that fly over the Chinese war.

The sun shows the world to the world,
turns its own ghost on the terrified crowd,
then plunges all images into the ocean
of the nightly mass emotion.

Games of chance and games of skill,
all his sports are games to kill.
I saw the murderer at evening lie
bleeding on the death-bed sky.

His hyacinth breath, his laurel hair,
his blinding sight, his moving air
my love, my grief, my weariness, my fears
hid from me in a night of tears.

KATHLEEN RAINE

BRIGHTON AND THE BALLETS JOOSS

One wakes to the sea, marvellously boring as ever and smooth as shot-silk. There are places, with rocks and sandy beaches, where it comes in with a vulgar slapping sound; but here it rustles, with a to-fro rasp of sandpaper. A few rooks flap over the shore; fishermen comb the shallows with prawn nets. The two piers, everlastings on trellises, tar-bottomed smacks, frail nets, masts. All deserted. And the sun like a catharine wheel. It's seven o'clock. I ring for china tea.

What are the things, I wonder, for which one comes to Brighton? Well, it's within reach: 60 minutes from Victoria. But the hotel dining-room last night. Half empty. Not a pretty woman in sight; only stuffy, puffy invalids and hoarse-voiced men. One looks out of the window for an attractive face. English hotels always seem to be like this; the lit tank for those too old or too ill to enjoy their wealth. On the tables round I see, not the labels Nuits St. George or Pouilly, but Bemax, Phosoform, pink liver tonics. The chairs may be uncomfortable, but under each table the tiny tell-tale hassock.

I walk along the front. (The great thing at the seaside is either to sleep or keep slowly walking.) Bloomy postcards. "Did you ever feel hysterical?" "His what, sir?" The colouring rich. There is a noticeboard: "Down the slope to Professor Morley's select bathing tents." I bet they are. And there's a little telephone-box where you have your weight, your photograph and the date told at once. Beach photo-

graphers snap at you like greyhounds. Elderly people occupy the public seats. Most pedestrians here are old. One sees an Edwardian dog go by in his gay checks; he is followed by what seems to be a real Regency buck. These are balanced by girls wearing fancy corduroy trousers and sun spectacles.

The sights are: the Pavilion, like a dish of sprouting onions, Devil's Dyke, Brunswick Terrace and the lawns, the squares behind the front. But, I repeat, why come to Brighton? *Parce que* . . . as Simenon's ladies say.

Parce que . . . well, it's all in the family. Grandpa cracked a bottle of champagne at the Metropole in 1880; so we do the same. We know by legend the crocodile of schoolgirls on the front, the pier shows, the bars and cockle-shops. And the air, of course. Air like champagne, like Chanel No. 5, air like a keen fine China tea. One goes everywhere in England for the air. Here it is technically fizz, I suppose, laden with scents of seaweed.

But Brighton, for all its fizz of entertainment, is hardly a culture centre. I remember during a week at Cannes hearing two admirable classical concerts and recitals by Casals and Kreisler. Brighton can only offer the interminable singing classes of a musical festival. But it has its moments. One of these, which I chanced on—what a surprise!—was the Ballets Jooss at the Theatre Royal. By great good luck they were doing their two new ballets, *Spring Song* and *Chronica* on the same night, thus anticipating two journeys to the Old Vic when I got back to London.

So I booked my seat and arrived early in order to study the programme. Others had arrived to study their programmes. The seats leaned rather far back and I heard a woman complaining: "My feet don't touch the ground; it's all right for you men." This is very much a middle-class affair. Big women with small men, or big men with small women: perhaps what we seek in sex is not so much pleasure as power? Enter an artist: sensation. So that everyone can see he is an artist he dresses up like a Barbarossa. He sits, with a very pretty girl, smoking a foul pipe. Old lady: "I wonder if that's his model." "I shouldn't wonder." The girl wears a long red dress the colour of the plush seats.

The two pianists arrive for *Spring Song*. A fairy-tale of a prince, a princess, stormy woods, miraculous strangers, duels and love. The Jooss strike me as being, both musically and balletically, less rebarbative than they were. The costumes are more euphonic; there are delightful, even languorous, stretches of mime. The pianist strikes a few chords reminiscent of Ravel's Septet; I think of the sea, a dark shot-silk. On the stage they reach a happy ending. The lights go up. We re-read our programmes to see what has happened. "Fairy tales have one meaning for children, another for adults. The moral of this one . . ." Ah, ah, wrong. Fairy tales have no moral. A hint too much meaning is perhaps all that's wrong with *Spring Song*.

During the interval my thoughts wander. This is unevocative music, not the music, which I love, *à faire rêver*, though perhaps it serves its purpose, *à faire danser*.

Further reflections on the art of Jooss. Functional ballet, discarding both the classical toe dance and the frilly fun seen in the new Russian and Rambert pieces, is apt at first sight to appear rather harsh. Music follows mime, colour is restricted to dresses against black curtains. It is a world of mass rather than individual movement: the stairway rush, the advancing platoon, the tortoise of the rugby fifteen are the sort of activity they spring from. Hence the eye is led to follow spear-head motions across the stage, one figure moving against the flux, two standing steady: parabolas, zig-zags link the wings in a new fashion. As I say, the effect at first is apt to appear harsh: we miss the entwinement, the melting tableaux of classical dance. And as the individual does not emerge and sing quite in the old way, so the music is impassive and mechanical. This is the sort of technique which could tackle a subject by Evreinov—say the dance of Harlequin and Columbine in the human brain—or by Capek: *R.U.R.* and *The Insect Play* are essentially ballets already halfway towards the form perfected by Jooss. It excels in representing satirical modern subjects and scientific fantasy with a thrill of the horrible. Where it is least effective is in the legendary tale, such as is attempted in *Spring Song*. I do not find *Spring Song* altogether successful, though it is a great advance on the earlier ballets in a similar mood.

The curtain goes up on *Chronica*, "the rise and fall of a dictator." Mediaeval Italy, a stranger comes to a masked carnival and stirs revolt. He becomes dictator; the people don uniform, and march like metronomes (these movements, to a Maiakovsky-like music, superbly realised). He has a springing stance, a movement of the right hand waving on. The misery and regimentation of a people: men and women travel in a circle, like Van Gogh's prisoners. One man throws off his uniform, others follow suit: it is this man's sister whom the dictator loves. (A dictator who loves: surely this is wrong?) The Leader (Rudolph Pescht, a dancer with a striking dramatic sense) is haunted by visions of dead men and women with blood gushing from their eyes: the dancers wearing masks are terrible and beautiful to watch. Finally, the dictator falls. The quick scenes succeed in telling a story, the figures impress, and both music and miming are kept strictly to the purposes of expression. Less satirical than *The Green Table*—the dictator is a heroic figure—this is probably Jooss's most successful ballet. It may seem odd that anyone should want to use this most graceful of arts to produce effects of ugliness, but Jooss strikingly achieves the paradox. I shall certainly see *Chronica* again.

Out into the street, where the commissionaire is barking for cars. "Car number 37!" It evokes an older world. "Mind your backs!" he adds in the modern vein.

G. W. STONIER

YVETTE GUILBERT

To suggest the talent of this extraordinary woman to someone who had never heard her one would have to assemble a composite portrait out of the most incongruous elements—the exuberance of Marie Lloyd, the mimetic skill of Ruth Draper, the intensity and devotion of Elena Gerhardt, the enthusiasm for folk-song of Cecil Sharp. Then there is the irony, wit and discernment which we recognise as characteristically French, and the peculiar precision and vivacity of gesture which are hers alone. Little now remains of the bony, chalk-white *maigre* with long black gloves who conquered the Divan Japonais in 1890; a comfortable matron has emerged, but one whom Toulouse-Lautrec would instantly recognise by the coiled red hair, the comedian's nose which looks "as if two cherry-stones had been stuffed into it," the darting eyes and the amazingly expressive mouth. Watch that mouth as she sings the thirteenth-century "Pourquoi me bat mon mari?": every shade of injured innocence, expostulation and contempt is conveyed within its changing O. "Mais . . . *pourquoi* me bat mon mari?" She has only deceived him, everyone does that, why can't he put up with it like the rest? From the wife's point of view his attitude is nothing short of an outrage, an imbecility. All this the mouth tells us, and that *voix de poitrine* which, though it has deepened with the years, remains so astonishingly flexible in the execution of ornament. Pay no attention to the people who lament her loss of voice; what Gounod said of her as a girl applies no less to-day—she has every voice, without having one at all.

There are those who regret that Yvette Guilbert should ever sing anything but the *grivoiseries* of the 'nineties. But an artist with her gift for pathos and even tragedy was bound to discover the wealth of traditional French song. She devoted decades of her life to research into the songs sung in every corner of France from the eleventh to the nineteenth century; and, having no trace of pedantry in her nature, proceeded to bring them to life by means which frequently shocked the purists. Last week she began her second recital with the "*Voyage à Bethlehem*," one of those dramatised Biblical scenes which are the musical equivalent of the narrative Romanesque sculpture

of Autun or Vézelay. The original song consists of a series of speeches given to Joseph and Mary and to the disagreeable innkeepers who refuse them lodging. To this framework Mme. Guilbert adds first the voice of the watchman chanting the advancing hours from his tower (" il est huit heures . . . il est neuf heures . . ."), and second, after the call " minuit ! minuit ! " a joyous, irrepressible coda in the major key : " Il est né, le Divin enfant ! sonnez hautbois, résonnez musettes ! " This last is quite a different song and, for all I know, it may belong to another century ; but in Mme. Guilbert's hands the three elements coalesce into a single unforgettable picture.

It is scarcely possible, in any case, to draw sharp lines between her singing of the different parts of her repertory ; the same quality of imagination at high tension pervades the religious and feudal ballads and the *chansons* of the Quartier Latin. The humanity and truthfulness of her art ensure that, as in life, tragedy is always slipping into comedy, satire into pathos. Behind the absurdity of " Pourquoi me bat ? " we catch a glimpse of the monotony of a woman's life in the dark ages ; the snobbery and pride of the modern reception-clerk are clearly visible in the gestures of the Bethlehem *hôtelier*. Even in its most remote and fantastic flights her imagination is always rooted in exact observation of human behaviour.

Mme. Guilbert devoted her last appearance this season to a lecture-recital on Baudelaire ; though far from being a dull occasion, it did not show her at her best. To her sketch of the poet's childhood—his inordinate mother-love, his jealousy of his military step-father—she brought all her talent for rapid portrait and vivid phrase ; but her conception of Baudelaire as essentially a *poète théâtral*, a *metteur en scène génial*, scarcely seemed to account for the deep tragic vision beneath the classic surface of *Les Fleurs du Mal*. There was some evidence during the afternoon—including frequent misquotations—of an insensitivity to the sheer sound of Baudelaire's lines. I know that it is most unseemly for an Englishman to reproach Yvette Guilbert with indifference to French verse, but how else is one to account for her willingness to force the delicately balanced hexameters of *Le Balcon* to fit the faded strains of a drawing-room *valse* : a Procrustean proceeding which the juxtaposition of scrupulous settings by Debussy and Duparc (acceptably sung by Mlle. Pifteau) made all the more intolerable.

Fortunately this is not the last we shall hear of Yvette. She has more vitality at seventy-four than the youngest Broadway baby who ever pouted into a microphone ; long may the warmth of her presence continue to enliven our London Mays ! " C'est le mai ! " she sings, " c'est le joli mois de mai ! " and so it is when she is here. I should like to make two suggestions for her future appearances : that she should publish full details of her programmes in advance, and that she should devote one evening to a " nineties " programme—Paul de Kock, Léon Xanrof and Marcel de Lihus. It is far too long since we heard *Quand on vous aim' comm' ça*, *Le Fiacre* and *Partie Carrée entre les Boudin et les Bouton*. To convert the solemn lushness of the Wigmore Hall into the likeness of a *café chantant* is a feat beyond even her powers, but she does wonders, and there are moments when one almost finds oneself ordering a *fine* from a passing attendant.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

PLAYS AND PICTURES

" Grouse in June," at the Criterion
" Sixth Floor," at the St. James's

Each of these plays is a slight affair, concerned with an episode but lacking a theme. *Sixth Floor*, which has the advantage of an elaborate setting and a distinguished cast, is commonplace and ineffective, while *Grouse in June* with a simple decor and much less well-known actors, provides a very agreeable evening. In *Sixth Floor* a sweet young cripple falls in love with a young rake, and marries a faithful swain in order not to be an unmarried mother. Much would-be comic relief is provided by the other lodgers—the scene is a Montmartre lodging-house—but never a touch of freshness, surprise or suspense. Miss Celia Johnson looks charming, and cries convincingly, but with all her technique and sensibility can make little of her part. Mr. James Mason is most successfully charming—he is an actor to watch, a Gable in the making, worth ten R. Taylors. Miss Barbara Gott is quietly formidable as a landlady. Miss Nadine March, Miss Joyce Barbour and Mr. Harold Scott, in their efforts to make bricks without straw, incline to overact. Mr. Gilbert Miller is the producer, and conducts the piece *lentissimo*. Why he, or Mr. Rodney Ackland, the translator, should have wasted his time handling so flat a play remains an enigma.

Mr., or more probably Miss, N. C. Hunter, in *Grouse in June*, introduces three treasure-hunting Americans into a remote Scottish fishing inn. The proprietor, to keep their custom, " salts " the beach with a little gold. The chief consequence of the episode is that a very nice incipient spinster deserts a selfish bore of a brother for an unselfish bore of a husband. But the characters are amusing, the lines telling, and the incidents unexpected. The satire at the expense of fisherman's enthusiasm, American naivety and English snobbery is not too heavy-fisted. The actors obviously had their hearts in their work, and gave good performances, especially Miss Constance Lorne, Miss Billie Ryan, Mr. Arthur Hambling, and Mr. Richard Goolden. Mr. Hugh McDermott produced too coarse an American accent, but made a pleasing impression. A featherweight piece, but alive and kicking.

" The Water-Carrier," at the Garrick

Performance in a foreign language is a high test of drama, and by this standard *The Water-Carrier* must be an admirable play, since its Yiddish incomprehensibility does not prevent it from being thoroughly entertaining. The plot is based on the typical folk-tale of the poor underling who gains by false pretences the brief adulation of his unpleasant neighbours, and the water-carrier's fleeting glory in the robes of a holy Rabbi gives fine scope for all the old but effective satires about Jewish village types. The play is written in spirited rhyming verse and contains some stirring choruses in the lilting rhythms of middle Europe. From the English point of view the acting has to be judged as mime, and the whole cast emerge with very high marks. The famous Maurice Schwartz is dominant in the title role, and Genia Schlit seems to epitomise the warm, powerful grace of all the heroines of the Old Testament.

Italian Opera at Covent Garden

Italian opera generally fares better as regards setting and production at Covent Garden than Wagnerian opera where artistic bottom is almost touched in the Flower-maidens scene in *Parsifal*. The best Italian production so far this season is that of *La Traviata*, which was given for the first time last Monday night. Excellent old-fashioned sets provided exactly the right interiors for Verdi's lyrical masterpiece and the singing and orchestral playing were on an exceptionally high level. Maria Caniglia is the best Violetta we have had at Covent Garden since Rosa Ponselle ; she has a superb technique and a voice of pure and attractive quality which she does not force. She has also a youthful and attractive presence, unlike some Violettas whose rapid decline as a consumptive must strain the credulity of any audience. Maria Caniglia is gifted as an actress and if she could achieve more restraint and sing with more apparent artlessness and spontaneity her Violetta would be an irreproachable and most moving performance. As Alfredo, Beniamino Gigli was in good voice and acted with sincerity and force. The new baritone, Mario Basiola, had got rid of the tremolo that afflicted him in *Trovatore* (which must, therefore, have been due to nervousness) and, as the elder Germont, his precision of phrasing and clear enunciation were a delight to hear. The score of *Traviata* is a severe test of a conductor's musicianship. Vittorio Gui passed this test with honours ; he knew exactly what to emphasise and what to put in the background and secured brilliant and precise playing from the orchestra. Even the minor parts and the choruses were well sung so that *Traviata* can be warmly recommended not only for its own sake as one of Verdi's finest achievements but also as an exceptionally good production.

Jacques Emile Blanche at the Leicester Galleries

M. Blanche's collection is a proof of his discrimination, at least so far as his seniors are concerned. (He seems surprisingly to have turned a blind eye to the dazzling gifts of the Post-Impressionists.) But the Monet of Argenteuil, the Degas portrait, the Renoir, the little Corot and the Constable are alone well worth

seeing. The Monet, indeed, is one of the painter's most entirely happy works: a considerable part of the canvas has been left blank to play its part in the colour-arrangement, the texture of the picture is fresh and delicate, the delightfulness of summer and a French river with a girl beside it is exquisitely rendered. A picture for the Tate. A good Sickert, a large Vuillard, a stunning drawing by Manet, a couple of Longhis and a fine drawing of M. Blanche by Augustus John are other pleasures in this collection. M. Blanche also exhibits some of his own pictures. A very prolific artist, he is at his best in portraiture, conveying character and fixing a likeness. He has painted an extraordinary number of interesting people: Degas, Condor, James Joyce, Jean Cocteau are all excellently caught (the Virginia Woolf, on the other hand, is remarkable only as an unlikeness). M. Blanche has already given a number of his portraits of the famous to the Rouen Museum. It would be instructive and enjoyable if London could be shown a larger selection of his persevering work in this fruitful field.

THE COMING WEEK

MONDAY, May 29th—
D'Oyly Carte Season, Sadler's Wells.

TUESDAY, May 30th—
Triennial Conference of the Associated Country Women of the World, opening at Central Hall, Westminster. Particulars from 30 Baker Street, W.1.
A. Lush: "An Educational Experiment," Housing Centre Lunch, 13 Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Non-members, 1s.
Louis MacNeice, Randall Swingler and Idris Davies reading poems from their own works, 67 Eton Avenue, 8.15.

WEDNESDAY, May 31st—
"Rhondda Roundabout," Globe.
Elspeth Douglas Reid in a programme of character sketches written by herself. Torch.
Meeting of the Finsbury Group of the Russia To-day Society. Speakers include: T. Wintringham, J. B. S. Haldane, Lt. Comm. Fletcher, Finsbury Town Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, June 1st—
"Harvest in the North," Unity.

FRIDAY, June 2nd—
Annual Exhibition of L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts. Till June 30th.
Free German League of Culture Meeting, West Central Hall, Tottenham Court Road, 8. Admission 1s. 6d.
Elinor Binns: "The Development of the Co-operative Movement," 2 Keats Grove, 8.

Correspondence

AIR RAID DEFENCE LEAGUE

SIR,—Professor J. B. S. Haldane calls attention to the fact that the Air Raid Defence League, which was founded a few months ago, with Lord Hailey as President, is advocating a "shelter" policy which is substantially different from that recommended by the Lord Privy Seal's Conference over which Lord Hailey presided, and from the subsequently announced policy of the Government. You, Sir, invite the League to reply to Professor Haldane's reasonable request to state its position in view of this discrepancy, and on their behalf I willingly respond to this invitation.

Lord Hailey was invited to be President of the League in the early days of its formation, and in that capacity he rendered very valuable service to the League. Unfortunately, responsibilities in connection with refugee organisations, which had a prior claim on his energies, made increasing demands upon him, and early in February he asked the League to accept his resignation from the position of President.

The League, entertaining the hope that the pressure of Lord Hailey's other commitments would be of a temporary character, urged him to continue in the formal occupation of the Chairmanship during the interim period. Since then Lord Hailey has taken no part either in the determination of the policy of the League or in the conduct of its work. I may add that at that time the League had no declared policy on the shelter question.

On February 24th the Lord Privy Seal called together a Conference to report to him upon the question of deep shelters. It was decided, no doubt for adequate reasons, that the existence, the composition and the proceedings of this Conference should be kept secret. The League had no information of the existence of the Conference until the eve of the publication of its report. In the meantime, the League had declared its own position on the shelter question, and this had been set out in its Bulletin No. 1 issued on March 31st.

The Report of the Conference appeared on April 20th and was immediately followed by Sir John Anderson's statement of Government policy. The League gave careful consideration to both these pronouncements. In our view the Government policy, though useful as far as it went, was inadequate and incomplete; and we issued to the press a statement to this effect. We stressed in particular the case of the specially vulnerable areas, for which, in addition to all other measures, deep shelters and an exceptional degree of evacuation are necessary. The same points have been stated clearly in our bulletins and elsewhere.

While the Government policy fell far short of requirements it did, at least, constitute a policy which, if vigorously pushed, would materially reduce the risks even in the most exposed areas. We do not agree with Professor Haldane's dismissal of steel shelters and strengthened basements as useless or worse than useless. But at least the steel shelters must be erected and the basements must be strutted; and action must be taken without delay. We took the view that it was our paramount duty to concentrate our efforts on pressing for such action; and that it would merely dissipate our energies at a critical moment to pursue, in their personal aspects, the differences between our own policy and that to which Lord Hailey had subscribed in the Report of the Conference over which he had presided. It is only necessary to repeat that at no time since February last—which was before the League had worked out their shelter policy—has Lord Hailey influenced, or sought to influence, the League to change their policy or to abstain from recommending it to the public, and pressing it upon the Government, in whatever they took to be the most effective way.

I may perhaps be allowed a word as to the general line of action followed by the League.

In our first months we have devoted ourselves mainly to working out our policy; we have availed ourselves of the best expert advice we could get, and have published our conclusions in the form which we believe to be best designed to command the attention of those who are working on air defence problems, whether inside or outside the Government service. This side of our work is well advanced, and the League is now considering how it can best secure wider support for its recommendations from the public and induce the Government to extend its policy in accordance with them. The only criterion by which the League will decide between the different methods which are available to it, and within its resources, would be the relative prospects they offer of *securing practical results*. Professor Haldane's suggestion that the League should question candidates at by-elections will be carefully considered, and judged solely by this criterion.

The Air Raid Defence League is making good progress in its vital work to see that the Nation is adequately protected and defended. May I invite all readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to join the League and to address to it any inquiries and to write to it with regard to any A.R.P. problems or suggestions?

Air Raid Defence League, RALPH WEDGWOOD,
Fielden House, Chairman of the Formation
10 Little College Street, S.W.1. Committee

ITALIANS IN SPAIN

SIR,—There is no need to recall to your readers the complacency with which the Prime Minister has continually accepted breaches of faith on the part of the Italian Government; but you will, I hope, allow me to draw attention to the latest and not the least flagrant of those dishonoured promises.

On May 21st the *Popolo d'Italia*, which of all the Italian newspapers most accurately interprets the Duce's own views, stated that:

> The powerful armaments of the Legionary Corps and of the Condor Legion will not leave (Spain) with the Legionaries. The arms belong to Franco and will remain in Spain and be used to equip other Spanish divisions.

That is one side of the picture; here is the other.

In the Annexes to the Anglo-Italian Agreement there is published a letter, dated April 16th, 1938, from the Italian Foreign Minister, Count Ciano, to the then British Ambassador, Lord Perth.

In that letter Count Ciano states:

> I desire . . . to reaffirm that if this evacuation (of Spain) has not been completed at the moment of the termination of the Spanish civil war, all remaining Italian volunteers will forthwith leave

Spanish territory and all Italian war material will simultaneously be withdrawn.

It is particularly necessary, at this time, to draw attention to the almost complete silence with which this further breach of the Anglo-Italian Agreement has been received here because of the pathetic belief in Government circles that Mussolini can still be bought out of the Axis. Because of that almost insane belief —expressed to me only recently by a junior Minister—our Government is doing everything possible to minimise repeated Italian bad faith.

Credence has been widely given—even in newspapers that ought to know better—to reports from Burgos and Madrid that the Italians are about to leave Spain. If such were indeed the case why do Italian troops continue to arrive?

It is useless for Mr. Butler to say in the House of Commons that they are not doing so; he must know that he is simply not telling the truth.

I have recently returned from a visit to Gibraltar and Morocco, where I learned upon authority that even Mr. Butler and Lord Halifax are not above accepting as unimpeachable that Italian troops continue to arrive. They arrive in thousands at a time. Of them we hear little; but when 1,000 return to Naples from Spain one is led to suppose that every single Italian promise has been fulfilled.

Competent judges put the number of Italians in Spain at 55,000, and Foreign Office officials know that this estimate is, if anything, conservative. I state that as a fact.

I state it as a fact, also, that Italians are still in complete command of Majorca.

If the British Government really believe that by shutting their eyes to what is going on in Spain they are thereby making it easier to buy Mussolini out of the Axis they are profoundly mistaken; and they are mistaken because there is no price that we now could pay which could compensate him for the possible booty that lies ahead. That's all there is to it, as anyone, except a Cabinet Minister, well knows. PHILIP JORDAN

Savile Club,
69 Brook Street, W.1.

POOR MAN'S CASTLE

SIR,—In your very interesting article "Poor Man's Castle" (May 13th), you make the important point that Birmingham tenants, in their resistance to the Council's revision of rents, are ". . . in revolt, not so much against the policy of their own City Council, as against the drift and confusion of housing policy since the war." That is the crux of the position. It is, however, misleading to suggest that all schemes of differential renting founded on capacity to pay are doomed to failure. Actually such schemes are in force in important towns in many parts of the country. They work most successfully in several boroughs controlled by Labour majorities, and are far from being resented by the tenants. Very few people mind stating their earnings when they understand the system, and when it is combined with enlightened estate management. Moreover, the practical advantages of the system are enormous. In any slum clearance scheme capacity to pay varies greatly. In one London slum street family incomes varied between 35*s*. and £8. When a scheme of rent rebates was introduced later among the rehoused families, the immediate result was that children in the poor homes had more milk, better food and blankets on their beds instead of old cotton quilts.

The simultaneous outbreak of rent strikes in East London with the Birmingham Council's troubles is confusing to the public. There is no connection whatever between the illegal rent increases in controlled houses on privately owned properties run for profit and the fairer distribution of rents on a municipal estate subsidised by public money. IRENE T. BARCLAY

118 Seymour Street, N.W.1.

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS

SIR,—Sir Lawrence Chubb's "logical inference" "that those who criticise the amended Access to Mountains Bill want to be able to go wherever they wish and do as they like, regardless of any loss or damage which may be caused" is both unjust and misleading. The Bill schedules as "offences," punishable by fine, every possible form of material damage to such land as may come within its scope. The critics of the Bill, which include all those who have been prominent for years past in this struggle, realise that most of these *general* restrictions are justified and do not object to them. They do object, however, very strongly and emphatically to simple trespass, without causing damage, being made a crime.

Sir Lawrence Chubb may be of the opinion that tresspass on wild, uncultivated moorland, without causing damage, intentional or otherwise—shall in 1939 be made a "crime," but I feel sure this will not be an opinion shared by many ordinary members of the public. That it is vehemently opposed by those most interested, the people who have been carrying on this struggle for many years, is proved by the fact that the Ramblers' Association and fourteen District Ramblers' Federations now oppose the Bill in its present form and in particular this "Trespass Clause." That the clause is also considered a retrograde step by many Members of Parliament is proved by the small majority by which it was carried at the Third Reading.

There are other clauses in this Bill which are strongly opposed by the organised ramblers, but this is the one feature which may make matters worse than they are to-day. It is reasonable to fear the Minister may, on moors accessible to large urban populations, prohibit free access during the nesting and shooting seasons —the greater part of April, May, June, August and September. The hardy rambler enjoys this kind of walking during the winter, but the ordinary member of the public only comes out into the countryside during the spring and summer, and it is a sorry outcome of half a century's struggle for access if those who ignore a notice board prohibiting access and who stray on to the heather, without causing any damage, are now to be made liable to prosecution.

The present common law of trespass is, of course, severe enough. Because of it, and the intimidation of gamekeepers working under it, the great majority of people are kept off their native hills in districts where game is preserved. This indeed is the sole reason for the public demand for an Access to Mountains Bill and there is no excuse at all for making the law of trespass more harsh in effect than it is to-day, even in limited circumstances.

That the original Bill was considered a "badly conceived" Bill is again a surprise to me. It was, I understand, conceived in the first place by a Chairman of the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, but that was fifty years ago. It is apparent that in these days, when the youth of England is being conscripted to protect its heritage, when a nation-wide campaign to promote Physical Fitness has been launched, when on all sides we are urged to give National Service, we must endeavour to change our ideas of what is socially desirable and what is in our minds an "unqualified moral right"—the freedom of the hills we love. PHIL BARNES

35 Mylor Road, Sheffield.

REFUGEES FROM SPAIN

SIR,—In a few days 1,800 Spanish refugees will be sailing for Mexico in the first Pilgrim Ship, to start a new life in a new land. They have been drawn from all the concentration camps in France, and families reunited at last are setting out with courage and hope.

After their hardships in the retreat and in the camps they are almost all in need of medical care. This the Spanish Medical Aid Committee has undertaken to provide. Sick bays on the ship are being fitted up, medical stores are being bought, and the Spanish doctors accompanying them are being supplied with the necessary instruments and equipment to enable them to function effectively on the ship and when they reach their new home.

For this we are committed to an expenditure of over £500. This is in addition to the assistance we are giving to those still in the camps and settlements in France. We have sent them medicaments, disinfectants, soap, clothing and milk foods for typhoid patients, and are collaborating in a scheme whereby three mobile dispensaries tour the camps and settlements in France. May we appeal again for help to enable us to continue this work?

Spanish Medical Aid Committee, GEORGE JEGER,
69 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Organising Secretary.

FINNEGAN'S WAKE

SIR,—Writing as one who has been trying himself for some weeks to read Mr. Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*, I want to ask Mr. Stonier, who reviewed it last week, a question. Has he read it himself? That seems an impertinent question, but it is not really. His main contention was that it was silly and insolent of others to describe the book as "unreadable."

I am not asking him if he understood it all (he would certainly say, No); I am not asking if he read enough to make some pertinent

observations on passages (his review shows that he did). What I am asking him is, did he succeed in *reading* those 628 packed pages, making each word—a preliminary necessity if the glimmering meaning is to be caught—sound in his head? So far, my own experience with the book has made that hard to believe. It would be encouraging to hear that Mr. Stonier, in spite of knowing as little of "the night language" as the rest of us (which can be safely assumed since Mr. Joyce employs a new and largely idiosyncratic vocabulary) has nevertheless been able to read *Finnegan's Wake*. Anybody can dip into it and get something good out of it, but that does not prove it is "readable" or a work of art.

The difficulty I have encountered, apart from the linguistic one, is to perceive often for page after page any connection whatever between sentences which follow each other, let alone any connection between different parts of the book. I noticed that Mr. Stonier said nothing about the author's drift, and not a word about my difficulty. I do not believe it possible to attend to this kind of writing for more than a very short time at a stretch. The attention gives out. Therefore the only way of reading *Finnegan's Wake*, it seems, would be to read a few pages and stop. Even then that would not be the same as reading the book, because memory (so I find) fails to hold the context of what I read before.

It seems to me important, if we are to form an opinion as to whether this book is a work of art or a colossal aberration, that its admirers should tell us whether they have read it, or merely dipped in it, enjoying its imaginative passages and its prettiest or wittiest "portmanteau" words. Therefore, in no unfriendly spirit, I ask Mr. Stonier *if he has read it through*. DESMOND MACCARTHY

[Mr. Stonier writes: "I haven't read *Finnegan's Wake* through yet. I now travel at the rate of about two pages a day. I enjoy it as I do Beachcomber's column, a little at a time. The absence of theme is regrettable; but that does not affect the quality or—to me—the readability of Joyce's prose. He does so many things with words no one has dreamed of. It is a prose in which one discovers pretty or amusing passages; but I do not find, like Mr. MacCarthy, the discontinuity of which he complains. Many words and whole sentences pass me by. But so I'm afraid, through boredom, do many words and passages in the books of those who write pellucidly, and who haven't Mr. Joyce's gift of striking fire."—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

MODERN FOLK SONG

SIR,—Mr. Driffield Hawkin rightly asks in this discussion "What is a folk song?" Mr. Turner in his original article had spoken of "contemporary songs aiming at a direct popular appeal such as the old folk songs had." Mrs. Cole is after "political chants," which she calls "modern efforts at folk song." All three writers therefore realise that, strictly speaking, there can be no such thing as a modern folk song. What Mr. Turner and Mrs. Cole want for different reasons—he for their modernity, she for their politicality—is in fact not folk song but popular song. The difference? Folk song comes *from* the people, popular song is addressed *to* the people. Folk song owes its character to the fact that it is orally transmitted from one generation of singers to another and in process of such transit it takes on a communal character, which one soon learns to recognise. Both folk and popular songs started from an individual singer or composer, but the anonymous composer of the folk song lost even the identity of his work in its passage through many other minds. The popular song remains an individual composition and changes but little and rarely (though I found some difficulty in writing a strictly accurate obituary notice of the part-composer of "Tipperary").

There are cases where popular and political songs pass into the folk tradition, e.g., "Captain Ward," which derided the Royal Navy in the seventeenth century and has survived both in American and English versions, or "Lilliburlero," which is found in Purcell and also in folk-dance traditions. Parody, like Miss Fremantle's imitation of "Mohac's Field," is common (see the 1938 *Journal* of this society for instances of sacred parodies of quite lascivious songs by stern Scottish Calvinists). And as Mr Turner advocates, new words can be written to old tunes, which might meet Mrs. Cole's needs, though it might also in some future century cover her with as much clerkly odium as pedants like myself now bestow on Moore (though not on Burns, who did the same sort of thing), for the tunes, which are in themselves much more precious than your contributors consider them, might suffer in the process.

I am ashamed to say that I do not know, or cannot immediately identify, all the songs mentioned by Mr. Hawkin, but I am prepared to dogmatise about some of them. "We Don't Want to Fight" is a popular song. "The Volga Boat Song" is folk, and so, I should say from internal evidence, is "La Carmagnole." "John Brown's Body" is certainly not folk; its composer's name is known, political words were fitted to his hymn-tune afterwards, and neither have evolved since. I do not know the tune of the Horst Wessel Lied and unless it was borrowed from folk song it would be defined as "popular." Both popular and folk songs refuse to be made to order or even to come when wanted.

Cecil Sharp House,
2 Regent's Park Road, N.W.1. FRANK HOWES
(Editor of Journal of English Folk Dance and Song Society)

SWOLLEN CITIES

SIR,—May I have a few lines of your valuable space to point out a misapprehension of my views in your issue of the 13th inst.? The reviewer of my book on *London's Overgrowth and the Causes of Swollen Towns* writes that I propose the public ownership of land. This is not at all what I propose. Public ownership of land is a Socialist proposal and leads to State interference with production and to loss of liberty. The plan I put forward, the socialisation of economic rent and the abolition of taxes would banish State Socialism in all its forms, reduce all government to a minimum and would bring back individual freedom.

The Athenaeum, S.W.1. S. VERE PEARSON

"NON-SOCIALIST ELEMENTS"

SIR,—This week it pleases you to be funny at the Party's expense in regard to the reference in the Executive Committee's Report to the Southport Conference upon Sir Stafford Cripps' Memorandum. Perhaps you will do us the justice of reading Sir Stafford's document and explaining to your readers that the "unconscious humour" was Sir Stafford's and not ours!

The Labour Party, J. S. MIDDLETON,
Transport House, S.W.1. Secretary

[True, the Executive should have put the phrase about co-operation with "other non-socialist elements" in inverted commas and so saved us from doing them an injustice. But the humour in Sir Stafford's Memorandum may not have been unconscious.—Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE character of T. E. Lawrence has a fascination for many thousands of people who never knew him, but whose imaginations have been caught by some aspect of his achievement or of his character. Numbers of these people either claim, or are secretly convinced, of some secret affinity, or spiritual kinship, with him. Thus throughout the world, among all classes, including men of the most widely different upbringing and prejudices, there has sprung into existence a T. E. Lawrence cult. This widespread devotion has naturally aroused, in a smaller number of people, strong irritation with T. E. Lawrence. It is shown by annoyance with certain eccentric aspects of his character, and by suspicion of, or actual disbelief in, his achievements. Those who were his friends during his life have a difficult duty. T. E. Lawrence was a great man just as Duse was a great actress. One knew it intuitively. He had tremendous power in him, which, though often latent, made him unlike ordinary men, just as an electric eel is unlike ordinary eels. It is difficult to describe this quality without exaggerating. To leave it out is to leave out what one felt most strongly about him. It is easy to defend his memory from certain detractors, such as those who were responsible for the British administration of Mesopotamia which proved so costly in life and money before the foundation (by Lawrence's advice) of the kingdom of Irak, an event which lost these administrators their jobs. It is scarcely necessary to assert the importance of Lawrence's strategical ideas on the course of the Arab rebellion, which has been called in question by that naive historian Mr. George Antonius. His first-hand evidence, gathered from Arab participants in the rebellion, was that they did it all themselves—which is exactly what Lawrence wanted them to believe. One has only to compare Mr. Antonius's claims with Lawrence's instructions to British officers attached to Arab forces, and with Lawrence's article, *The Evolution of a Revolt*, now reprinted from *The Army Quarterly*, to see the real truth. Lawrence's method, all through his life, was to put ideas into the heads of the men he was working with, so that they were unable to avoid stumbling upon them for themselves. I included one or two amusing instances of this technique in *The Letters of T. E. Lawrence*.

* * *

During Lawrence's lifetime those who knew him were often in the position of having to defend him from accusations of being an imperialist or a British secret agent, by English Socialists. They found this particularly embarrassing, since it would have been a breach of confidence to produce the evidence to which they had access. *The Mint*, the record of his experiences after enlisting in the R.A.F., would have shown Labour critics that Lawrence was one of the few men who had learned to live as a member of a classless society, equally at home (or ill at ease) with toughs, aircraft hands, sergeant-majors, University dons, and Air Marshals. And the introductory chapter of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, as it appeared in the few copies set up in linotype by *The Oxford Times*, showed how deeply Lawrence loathed aggressive imperialism. It is, in my opinion, a magnificent and most moving declaration of faith. Unfortunately Bernard Shaw, in his wisdom, decided that this chapter of the book "would never do," and Lawrence accepted his verdict. Thus, although set up in proof, this introductory chapter, giving Lawrence's political declaration of faith, was cancelled, and the subscriber's edition of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* rambled out upon its possessors like a richly caparisoned elephant lacking the directing figure of a mahout sitting on its head. Lawrence's friends were, therefore, unable to allay the suspicions of Socialists with the words:

> When we won, it was charged against me that the British petrol royalties in Mesopotamia were become dubious, and French Colonial policy ruined in the Levant. I am afraid that I hope so. We pay for these things too much in honour and in innocent lives. I went up the Tigris with one hundred Devon Territorials, young, clean, delightful fellows, full of the power of happiness and of making women and children glad. By them one saw how great it was to be their kin, and English. And we were casting them by thousands into the fire, to the worst of deaths, not to win the war but that the corn and rice and oil of Mesopotamia might be ours . . .

* * *

I included a part of this chapter in *The Letters of T. E. Lawrence*. The full text is now reprinted in a volume called *Oriental Assembly*, edited by A. W. Lawrence (Williams and Norgate, 10*s.* 6*d.*). This is a most admirable book, and was in all respects well worth publishing. It might legitimately have been called *An Appendix to Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, since it contains all T. E. Lawrence's uncollected writings about the East with the exception of his contributions to the secret *Arab Bulletin*, the most important of which are included in the *Letters of T. E. Lawrence*. During the Arab revolt T. E. Lawrence not only thought out and suggested the strategy of the campaign, rode immense distances, took part in raids and personally demolished the Hejaz railway, but also found time to carry a camera, to take photographs and to make notes. The notes were written up into reports for *The Arab Bulletin*, for the publication of which he had been responsible while he was at the Arab Bureau in Egypt. This material was naturally invaluable when he came to write *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, large extracts from it being incorporated with only stylistic changes. It was the existence of the *Arab Bulletin* which filled *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* with first-hand vivid pictures, none of the edges of which have been blurred by time or by subsequent events. Curiously enough, T. E. Lawrence only included four or five of the photographs which he had taken during the campaign—and which anyone else would have used as the chief feature of his book. They were not developed for many months, were exposed to extreme heat, and were taken under very difficult conditions. It may be supposed that T. E. Lawrence, who was an extremely skilled photographer, was disappointed with them. But though extremely unequal, they are a most wonderful record of the appearance of the country and of bodies of men in the Arab army. Those of Feisal's bodyguard, on their thrusting camels, and with their wavering standards, are wonderful. The second half of *Oriental Assembly* contains 111 photographs taken by T. E. Lawrence during the Arab revolt. Everyone who appreciates *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* will want a copy. There are also 19 plates illustrating the diary which Lawrence kept during his journey in the summer of 1911, when he nearly died of dysentery.

* * *

Two other volumes which throw an immense amount of light, though some of it is indirect, upon T. E. Lawrence, are *T. E. Lawrence to his Biographer, Robert Graves*, and *T. E. Lawrence to his Biographer, Liddell Hart*. (Limited to 500 copies, 2 vols., 5 guineas, Faber.) They include not only T. E. Lawrence's letters to his biographers, but also notes of conversations, answers to questionnaires, and annotations, or alterations, made by T. E. Lawrence in the proofs submitted to him. In the Graves book deletions made by T. E. Lawrence are marked in red ink. The two volumes show what a great change took place in T. E. Lawrence's state of mind between the period up till 1927 and the period about 1933, when T. E. Lawrence had become happier and more normal. In *Lawrence and the Arabs* Robert Graves was attempting the impossible job of writing a popular book about the personality of a living friend. It is clear from the present volume that T. E. Lawrence, who wanted to help Graves financially, hindered as well as helped. He frequently contradicts some extravagant yarn which Graves had taken from some outside source such as Woolley's *Dead Towns and Living Men*, yet ends up his letter with some statement about himself which is equally inaccurate. Thus Graves was led to make a number of statements which gave a wrong picture of Lawrence as a man who could not look anyone in the face or bear to touch

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Sir Arthur's limitations add to his value at a time of crisis. He is an administrator, not a philosopher. He writes as the man who organised world shipping during the war, who was the centre of the best of the League's activities at Geneva, who has thrown his sane and constructive energies into the Air-raid Defence League and has proved himself one of the most useful private members of the House of Commons. He does not raise such theoretical questions as why the League did not succeed. He thinks it almost did succeed; it was only such accidents as Sir John Simon's personality and the coincidence of the world depression which interfered. He sees politicians as individuals, not as representatives of forces, and, since that is how most men think, the practical suggestions he puts forward carry weight with people who would not look at proposals based on general historical or sociological theory.

His picture of the change wrought in England by the abolition of our insular position, his account of the economics and strategy of the dictatorships and his summary of recent British policy and League history are lucid and valuable, if not particularly original. He goes on to an interesting series of character sketches of English public men. Of Lord Baldwin he says: "Not absence of vision, nor incapacity either to judge the needs of a situation, or even to act when the will was there—but a recurrent lethargy of the will was his undoing—and ours." He contrasts Mr. Baldwin's skill and vigour in dealing with India and the Abdication crisis with the lethargy of his foreign policy. He remarks of Sir John Simon that a counsel learns, when a question is presented to him, not to ask what should be done but "how should what has already happened be so presented as to make the verdict favourable to my client?" and he finds the clue to many of the events of 1931–1935 in Sir John Simon's automatic response to an awkward situation: "Here is a situation that looks unpleasant; how shall I make it look better?" It is typical of Sir Arthur's own limitations that he discusses the duplicity of British policy over Abyssinia in personal terms, remarking that when Sir Samuel Hoare proclaimed a firm policy at Geneva he had "neither calculated the consequences beforehand, nor did he find the determination to face them when they came." This is to miss the point, which is that British and French Foreign Office policy was consistent from the Laval-Mussolini conversations in January to the Laval-Hoare proposals in the autumn; Sir Samuel Hoare's speech was only part of the political game, an excrescence added for the sake of public opinion and a General Election. He is amusing about Sir Thomas Inskip and other ministers, and shows real insight in his study of the Prime Minister.

The most important part of Sir Arthur's book comes towards the end. After a careful study of British war preparations, he goes on to urge that we must not rely on our own strength nor even on a military alliance. Collective security, to have any chance of success, must go further than that. He does not hide his hesitation about talking of the terms of a settlement with the dictatorship Powers; he knows how easily such talk is picked up by those who want to believe that we can get peace merely by surrendering other people's territory to Hitler and Mussolini. He sees, however, every advantage, as I do, in publishing the terms of a possible general settlement which we are honestly willing to carry through. It would have an excellent effect on world opinion, and serve as a basis for discussion if the peace alliance becomes strong enough to compel the dictatorship Powers to come to terms.

Munich has made us suspicious of personal conferences and frightened of saying anything that may be construed as a concession to Hitler or Mussolini, but we should gain and not lose in strength by putting forward proposals such as those outlined in this book. Above all, we must not, as Sir Arthur says, make the mistake of identifying the German people with all that we most dislike in the Nazi regime. It should be remembered that Hitler's greatest source of power is the German public's inability to see any alternative to his rule; his methods succeed, and there is nothing to-day to convince Germans that if Germany adopted less aggressive methods the response of the democratic Powers would be different from the blank negations that confronted Stresemann and Brüning. If we wish for a reformed Germany we must offer a hopeful alternative to Germans who hate the Nazi regime. Sir Arthur Salter recognises the influence of the war-guilt clause in the Treaty of Versailles and suggests not that we enter into a discussion of pre-war diplomacy, but that we agree to a legal cancellation of this clause, recognise the need of the German people for economic expansion and do our best to counteract the encirclement propaganda which is so useful to Dr. Goebbels. He urges in particular that while there is no case for passing over colonies to the Nazis, there is an unanswerable case for proposing a general settlement, open to all Powers that are willing to accept it. The colonial problem should be regarded as a world problem and not as a question purely for British and French imperialism. On these matters he goes into some detail, never suggesting that we should make concessions to Germany's threat of force, but that we should put forward our own international policy as right in itself, as part of the system of collective security, and offering, if Germany and Italy are willing, to share in a saner economic and political development for the world. Sir Arthur does not ask whether the finance capitalism that now rules England is capable of such an imaginative readjustment of its ideas. If it is not, would it not be good policy for a group of men of national reputation, coming from various political parties and from no party, to outline some such proposals as the right objectives of British policy?

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The Cambridge Ancient History. Vol. XII. The Imperial Crisis and Recovery. *Cambridge University Press.* 35*s.* **Volume of Plates V.** 15*s.*

To us, living in an epoch when one civilisation with an ideology into which we have grown up is changing through bloodshed and chaos into another with a different, and, to some of us intolerable ideology, this final volume of the *Cambridge Ancient History* makes fascinating reading. From the end of the second century A.D. until Constantine in the fourth, is a tangled and difficult period; all the literary evidence is propagandist, and must always be checked up by coins and inscriptions. There are great figures—Diocletian, Constantine, Shapur the Persian King, Tertullian. There are romantic figures—Marcion, Zenobia, many of the early martyrs. But none have the combination of greatness and romance which inspired Tarn, for instance, to write on Cleopatra in an earlier volume. Much of the book must be a disentangling of evidence and tendencies.

By the end of the second century the Roman Empire was visibly cracking. With the spreading of economic processes to the farther parts of the Empire, so that the Provinces were producing even the luxury goods for their own consumption, the power and importance of Italy and Rome itself declined. Rome could no longer live on the profits of conquest; as the Empire ceased to grow, cheap slave labour no longer flowed in. The economics which were based on this supply began to break down. But there could be no going back to a nation of peasant farmers, just as there could be no standing still. The first answer was a tremendous increase of Government pressure, with inflation; sooner or later almost everyone became involved in economic ruin, though the middle classes, as usual, were the ones to bear the brunt; in fact, they almost disappeared. By the third century the provinces were beginning to show something new: huge estates on which their owners lived, as far as possible disconnected from the Imperial system. Here was the beginning of the feudalism of the next epoch.

To us it seems as though the remedy should have been decentralisation, especially with technicians so encumbered by the

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ideas of slave-economics that they could not even invent steam-engines and solve the transport problem. But that could not be faced. Instead, the State forced itself on to the individual, crushing him into Totalitarianism. The actual government was arbitrary, constantly falling back into dictatorship by a large and increasingly unprofessional army. All this made for uncertainty of the kind we know now, and the decline of culture which is inevitable when this uncertainty begins to bear so hard on the individual that he cannot think in terms of aesthetic eternity. Sometimes there would be a revival for a time, as the Volume of Plates shows, but then collapse would set in. In a most interesting chapter Prof. Oertel writes on the economic life of the Empire; his prejudices only make it livelier reading.

All this chaos, and the ending of the life of cities which had gone on from Hellenic times, meant that people everywhere were seeking for new values, above all for something which would seem universal. Christianity claimed a universal validity, opposed to the almost universal validity of the Empire. Hence came persecution. It is abundantly clear that the persecutions during the first three centuries were not in our sense "religious," but essentially political. One has to ask oneself whether religious persecutions ever have been anything but political, really. It is clear that Christianity was nearly stamped out, and that it was because Constantine's offer of alliance came immediately after the worst persecution that it was accepted without question or terms.

The volume ends with a change accomplished, which was also a hold-up, and the beginning of Byzantinism and the crushing of men's spirits which, in spite of modern apologetics, that implied. The two universals had coalesced: the Princeps, theoretically the first citizen of a republic, had become Emperor and also something perilously near to head of the Christian Church. Prof. Baynes has produced two extremely interesting and provocative last chapters: I wish we could have Gibbon's answer to them! The companion volume of plates is particularly good on architecture and the coins which provide so much historical evidence.

For myself, I have been reading the *Cambridge Ancient History* as it came out; Egypt, Assyria and Athens came to me during the millennium—those twelve post-war years when it seemed as though there might be progress and a new hope for the world; Rome has come in darker times. More than any other book it has been my refuge and dream place, the ivory tower from which I thought I could see best into the present and perhaps the future. I hate saying good-bye to it now!

NAOMI MITCHISON

LONDON WORTHIES AND UNWORTHIES

London Worthies. By WILLIAM KENT. *Heath Cranton.* 10*s.* 6*d.* (Published on May 30th.)

Cab, Sir! By HERBERT HODGE. *Michael Joseph.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A Mirror for Ruffians. By PHILIP LINDSAY. *Lindsay Drummond.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

London is a marvellous source of book-making. I should know, for I am engaged in making such a book myself. All you need is a "new angle": not difficult; a hand-camera and a touch of parody provide mine. Mr. Kent has the advantage of immense learning. He is already, I believe, the author of a London encyclopaedia, and this D.N.B. of Londoners is charming and unexpected in its lights. Any book in which Dirty Dick and Benjamin Disraeli appear side by side is bound to entertain. Dirty Dick, of course, is the name of a string of pubs, originating from the one in Bishopsgate where the roof is hung with rats' skeletons, cats' hides, and stuffed alligators. It was there I once saw a sailor come in with a dog and sit down to a pint of Burton, of which the dog drank half. Dirty Dick was a tradesman in the eighteenth century whose bride died on the eve of their wedding. He ordered the dining-room to be sealed and never opened during his lifetime. This Dickensian eccentric seems to have possessed some wit. His aim was to live on 1*s.* 6*d.* a day, and asked why he didn't wash he replied, "If I wash my hands to-day, they will be dirty again to-morrow." Charlie Brown also leaves a name to a well-known pub. His collection of antiques was famous and included, at one time, a five-legged ram in a glass case on the counter. He left also, I think, one of the last electrical pianos in London. It is interesting to learn from Mr. Kent's biography that during the 1912 strike of stevedores he paid out £80,000 in strike pay.

One could make up a fascinating examination paper from Mr. Kent's pages. Answer the following questions:

(1) Who was it that "attended mask balls as Mr. Mantilini" and walked 7 miles a day? What was the name of his best-known book?

(2) What famous comedian lived at 287 Kennington Road, and first appeared on the stage in the part of the Page Boy in Sherlock Holmes?

(3) Who wrote—

> and each, wrapped in his own doom,
> They wander, wander . . . .

What was his failing?

(4) Who was born in a hackney coach between Earl Street, Seven Dials, and Portland Street in 1766? Who the sculptor whose life he wrote?

(5) Who built the Rotherhithe Tunnel? What is a shillibeer and who invented it? Who was the "father of English watch-making"? Who said, "I can talk twice as much in London as anywhere else"?

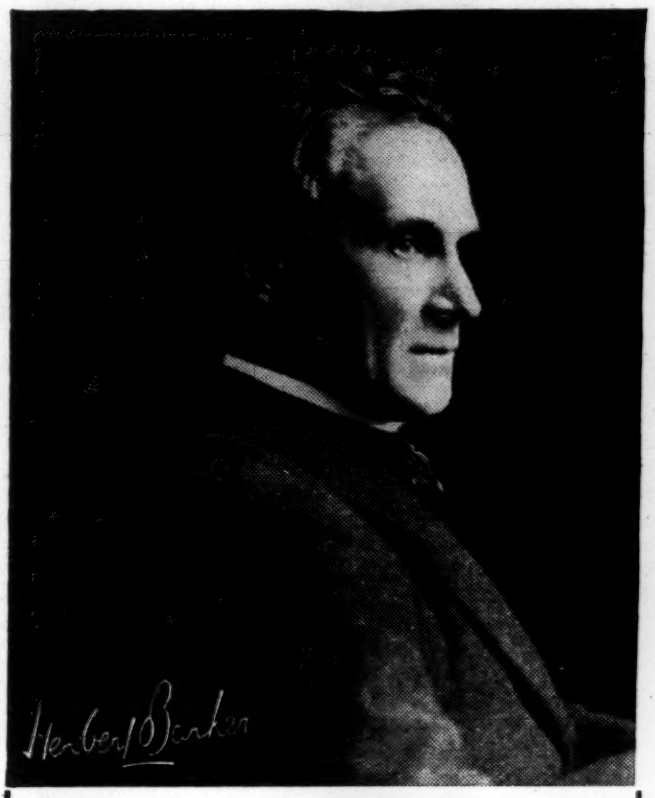
(6) Who were the "Water Poet," "The English Hermit or the Wonder of the Age," "Bella Delmere"?

One agreeable feature of Mr. Kent's dictionary is the appearance of living worthies: I notice Mr. Lansbury, Jack Hobbs, Shaw, among others. He might perhaps have included more eccentrics. There is the woman's tailor who walks about London in the summer with long flowing hair; there is a flatfooted dame of Oxford Street, who pads along in the wake of bookies, following a profession she has long outlived; Count Potocki de Montalk; the beggar who wheels a loaded perambulator down Bond Street; the old negro, once Tahitan ambassador, who graces the Museum Reading Room, with silk hat and gamp; the woman stockbroker of the Bank Station; Prince Monolulu; and others of their kidney. Also his quotations of London poetry might have been a little better: he does not mention Blake's wonderful "London" (when thro the chartered streets I go) or Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*. Otherwise, his book seems to me about as good as it could be.

Answers to examination questions: (1) Buckle, *History of Civilisation;* (2) Charlie Chaplin; (3) James Thomson, drink; (4) J. T. Smith, Nollekens; (5) the elder Brunel, funeral coach, Shillibeer, Thomas Tompson, Johnson; (6) Taylor, Roger Crab, Marie Lloyd.

And in some future edition Mr. Hodge, too, no doubt will take his place as an eminent worthy. *It's Draughty in Front* was perhaps a better book because it had a larger slice of life. Mr. Hodge confines himself now to the hazards of taxi-driving, eccentric customers, London geography, clubmen, drunks, women, tips, ticking meters. We have always been slightly aghast at the careless wheel-round of the taxi in a street full of traffic: we now know the reason: everything, we feel, can be forgiven the taximan who suffers so much for (in the way of money) so little. His day may begin at 7 in the morning and last till 12 at night; and he's lucky, in that time, if he nets a clear thirty bob. Most of his passengers are mean, sometimes to the point of lunacy. When he takes them by the wide road, they ask, why not by the side-street? When the lights turn red, it is, of course, the taximan's especial fault. Something, perhaps, may be forgiven to persons in a desperate hurry; and most of us do not resort to taxis except in an emergency. But what of the traveller for pleasure? The singing drunk, the drunk without address, the drunk (most of all) without cash? The taximan must be smoothly polite. Often, no doubt, as he sails on his West-End beat accosting fares, he must envy the tarts on the pavement who do so much better business and get so much better paid for it. Not much bilking there, no dud cheques. And there is the cab—out of date in five years—to be paid for in instalments of 50*s.* a week, with the threat that it may be summarily "snatched back." A taxi-driver's life is not a happy one. But even he has windfalls.

Taxi-drivers probably tend to become philosophers. Whether, in politics, they lean to the Right or the Left is a debatable point. Contempt for life as they see it must breed a revolutionary point of view; on the other hand, their living depends on the continuance of society in its present form. Few taxi-drivers look to Russia as the land of their dreams. Perhaps the nucleus of a new Liberal party is to be found on the taxi-rank: who knows? Mr. Nicolson informs us, with all the inside knowledge of practical politics, that Mr. Hodge will one day be Minister of Transport.



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Let's hope that he will. For we could not have a man more human, more sensible, more practical and more quietly enterprising than the writer of this book.

Mr. Philip Lindsay's *A Mirror for Ruffians* also contains a few Londoners: the Prince Regent, Mr. Charles Peace, Marie Manning. Unfortunately Mr. Lindsay wields a pedantic and somewhat moralising style. "Into dispassionate use of her body an early love can drive a woman to satisfy its urge as she satisfies the lusts to eat and drink, without real interest, the man being but the physical manifestation of her own desire for herself, sullenly discarded in the morning. Thus are many women ruffians created . . ." Mr. Lindsay is a master of the weaker epithet. He would always, I am sure, choose to write "feline" when "catlike" is the word. Still he provides some interest.

G. W STONIER.

NEW NOVELS

Salt of the Earth. By JOSEPH WITTLIN. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.
So Much Has Happened. By NORA STEVENSON. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.
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Pale Horse, Pale Rider. By KATHERINE ANNE PORTER. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Salt of the Earth is a translation from the Polish and, apart from an extremely awkward opening address to the Unknown Soldier which is so foreign in spirit to anything sanctioned by English custom as to be virtually untranslatable, a complete success for the translator. The story is of a Pole who is called up with his class into the Austrian army in 1914, a simple plot represented at its lowest by the essay subject, *A Day in the Life of a Half-Crown*, but here luckily redeemed by the perception and sensitivity of the author. The central figure of the book is a railway porter with a small cottage of his own, an orchard, an allotment by the line, a big dog and a girl who is loved just about as much as the dog: an ordinary man of the most ordinary sort who is—perhaps for that reason—vastly more convincing than the hyper-sensitive exceptions, the Private Pans and Lieutenant Erics, of English war literature. His war experience—the story of thousands of Europeans a few years ago that will be the experience of thousands this year, next year, sometime . . . is told in a series of episodes which introduce the people and the issues which made up the uneasy fabric of the old Austrian Empire: the stationmaster who promotes Neviadomski to the post of signalman, which carries with it the long-coveted uniform of a State employee, the Jewish doctor in the anti-semitic army who passes him for military service, the local policeman who delivers him his mobilisation papers, the R.S.M. of the Landsturm regiment to which he is drafted; not only are these people shown to us with the accuracy of the camera eye, but their actuality lights up the uniform worship, the anti-semitism, the illiteracy and the militarism which made Imperial Austria so little regrettable. Towards the end of the series Neviadomski and his Galician fellow-conscripts arrive at the regimental depot where they are taught to be soldiers; they are not taught to fight for their country—the atmosphere of suspicion hanging over the depot makes it quite clear that it is not their country—but they are taught to obey because they will be punished if they do not. The transformation of the group of docile peasants into a regiment, the disgusting business of ruling men by fear under the disguise of discipline, is brilliantly described, and the obscenity of handing over men who would live at peace to be remade in the image of those whose profession is to be ready to kill anyone stands out in all its nastiness. Perhaps the strongest part of the book is that which describes the first impact of war on the hero's life. He is not thrown into philosophical reflection about war, but his ordinary life is disturbed and at last destroyed, his fear is not the fear of death but worry that the dog will not be properly fed, the garden will go to ruin, someone might get into the house; agony at the destruction of custom which is, after all, the real horror of war for people who have not considered the morality of shooting their fellow-men.

So Much Has Happened takes another war from the same angle: the daughter of a Boer farmer falls in love with the son of an English neighbour who has not merely been divorced by his wife but has also been involved in the suicide of a woman; and when these things have been put aside as obstacles to the marriage the war breaks out to divide them. The plot again is the *Day in the Life of a Half-crown;* what happened next without the backbone of any profound thought about the quarrel between the Boers and the English, or even about why men and women like and dislike each other, and without strengthening of that sort the war becomes machinery for the boy-loses-girl part of the triad. The product as a result has a vapid quality—a charabanc trip to the battlefields with a guide who has read up the battles in a history of the war—but for all that it glides easily over the appearance of life and makes a readable novel. Its length and its mood—treating rather dangerous things in a safe, cosy way—make it a good book to take away for Whitsun if you don't want to worry. For the same purpose *Three Harbours* is to be recommended; it is a story of the War of American Independence and it is a three-ring circus with wrecks, sea fights, cockfighting mains, card-room rows going on all the time: the action is so fast and so continuous that only the very careful reader will notice that the book is about nothing whatever. True the author drops a hint in the preface that it is a parable about business men who rejected an administration inimical to their interests, but this only makes it a bedtime story for good Republicans who want to have happy dreams about the next election, and needn't worry the English reader. Nothing in the book will worry anyone; here is death from haemorrhage, an affair of blackening vision, of muscles becoming slow and useless, of life itself seeping away and a terrifying slipping into unconsciousness that has nothing to do with sleep:

> David Ashton never learned that he was dying. He reckoned it was fine just to lie still and rest. Loss of blood made him so drowsy he forgot that god-awful pain in his shoulder and drifted peacefully off to sleep—for ever.

And here, believe it or not, is what passes through the mind of a young man who has been bayoneted, the weapon having passed through his hand on its way into his ribcage: "He heard a tender, beloved voice murmur 'You must go to sleep now, Johnny. You are tired and it is very late.' Nothing more." Such was the manner in which death and suffering came to the stainless hands aboard the Victorian three-decker. However, there is a place in the world for the sort of novel that can be read while eating an apple, and this book, with its elaborate and wholly spurious eighteenth-century atmosphere and its naive gusto, belongs there.

To that same literary field, dominated by an immense allegorical figure which may be safely identified as Boredom and peopled by the allies of Marsyas, *Humbug Hall* may be assigned. It is an admirable example of the machine-made farce, and one is wafted with the utmost skill and artifice from one stock situation to another: the heroine gives up her young man because her father has cast a dreadful stain upon the family name; she takes a job in a household abounding with eccentrics—including one of those ghastly butlers who have swarmed since Mr. Waugh's Philbrick man was so obviously not all he seemed—and she has skirmishes with the children of the house who have the substantial unreality that makes the young things in Galsworthy so fascinating. The musical box tinkles on through a quite amusing attempted seduction—it should make young men realise how fortunate they are that custom has given the initiative in these matters to them—and even takes in its stride the problems faced by a nice young girl who falls in love with a Jew, the terrors of the proscribed in Italy and Austria, and of course the September crisis. Sylvia, the heroine, like Sparkenbroke is given to philosophy, and the book ends on her profound thought: "Me being here is Now; and me going home to meet Conrad, that is now also . . . *Now!* That's the thing that matters. Snatch it!" Delicious vacuity, the thought of a child nibbling a grass-stalk and watching the light fall through the wing of a bird circling in the sky.

It is a philosophy no more profound that lies behind *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*, where the writing is hardly the expression of ideas so much as a record of the emotions of a mind of exquisite sensibility. The first of the three stories which make up the book is an account of an elopement as it presents itself to a girl on various occasions during her development into a woman. She hears the story of Aunt Amy's elopement with a dashing handsome young man called Gabriel from the relatives in whose youth Amy died; a romantic story of a shooting at a ball, a ride to the Mexican border, and death six weeks after a wedding, a story informed by the beauty and wilfulness of the lovers. The girl grows a little older; she is at a convent in New Orleans, and one visiting day her father comes and takes her to the races at Crescent City where Gabriel is running a horse. The horse—it is named after a favourite horse of Amy's—wins, but the victory does not

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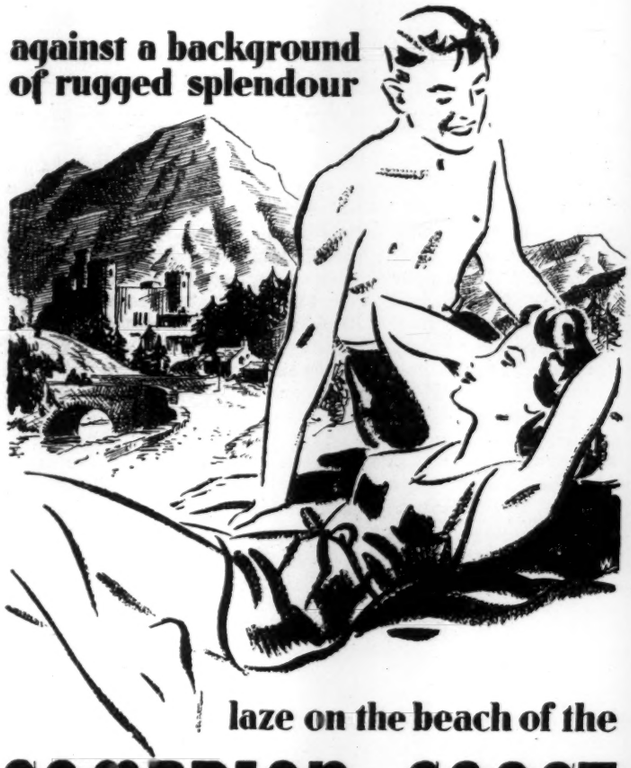

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disguise the fact that Gabriel is a shabby racecourse hanger-on and a drunkard. It is because he is drunk that he brings the girl face to face with his second wife in a squalid hotel, a meeting which kills everything romantic in the story except the loveliness of Amy, which death took to corrupt and to save from corruption. And years later a contemporary of Amy's tells her the truth about the teaser who played about with men, the hurried, necessary marriage, and the unromantic overdose of drugs which brought to an end an illness of which the feature was not an elegant pallor but blood in the sputum. It is beautifully done, the little girl with her lap full of the strangely shabby corals and feather flowers that belonged to Amy, the spent horses coming into the paddock after the race, Gabriel coming sweaty and blowzy out of the crowd; such things are presented with the clarity and freshness of the best impressionist painting. But just as Sisley's sparkling little canals or Renoir's figures dancing underneath the trees are nothing more than shorthand notes of emotional responses which tell one nothing very interesting about structure and textures, so these stories, which go no deeper than the emotions of particular people in special circumstances, have the power to please and charm in a completely satisfying way.

ANTHONY WEST

YOGI LANCER

European Jungle. By F. YEATS-BROWN. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Yogi-bogy has always seemed an unfair nickname for a variety of Indian philosophy, but it is not a bad description of Major Yeats-Brown. His last book was *Yoga Explained*, and his present one might well have been called *Bogy Explained*, or *Where to Find the Bolshies*. His answer, of course, is More or Less Everywhere.

It is a recondite, and very unfortunate, combination of interests. Apart from an inability to spell, or to refrain from self-contradictions; apart from foxy omissions; racialism; anti-Semitism, and an extraordinary thing called the Grand Orient—the Major's main difficulty is Hitler:

> The impression he makes is psychic . . . I felt at once that I liked and trusted him. Recent events have proved me wrong, but, etc. . . .

One feels a little sorry for the Major. He admits his hero's faults, but the nagging uncertainty as to whether Hitler is, or isn't, a bounder, has obviously rather spoiled his book for him.

Nevertheless, the smallest selection of opinions shows that he has done his best. In the English sections he jeers at the B.B.C. as "pink." When he quotes Chamberlain on the Czechs he kindly omits the reference to "people of whom we know nothing." He tells us that he doesn't bother to vote at elections. In the Spanish sections he simultaneously denies, and excuses, Guernica. In the Polish he insists upon the 1920 Bolshevik invasion, but carefully suppresses the Polish invasion to which it was a reply. In the Hungarian—he devotes pages to Bela Kun and the Red Terror, but when it comes to the White Terror, which was far worse, all he chooses to say is, "there are many things best passed over in silence if we would have peace in Central Europe." In the Austrian section—we find, for example, this:

> In February, 1934, Chancellor Dollfuss suppressed a Socialist rising with serious bloodshed. In July he was assassinated.

Any uninstructed reader would instantly assume Dollfuss was murdered by Socialists, and I fear that this was the Major's intention, because he can be crafty when he likes.

In the German sections, what with Labour Camps (which he confounds with Education) and the bronzed lads dining off "delicious little wild mushrooms," all craft is thrown to the winds, and the author becomes like an intoxicated prefect:

> . . . it is claimed that poets and artists have benefited greatly by a life of camps. No doubt this is true: Dante and Gibbon were troopers in their time.

Spurred on by such splendid thoughts, he denies that the Nazis burned the Reichstag, and does his best to deny that they quarrel with the Churches. Of Hitler:

> Although himself simple to the point of asceticism, he likes those around him to enjoy themselves with music and song and wine.

The truth is, of course, that Hitler abhors tobacco, and is doing his utmost to introduce prohibition, while he himself, stifling with increasing difficulty passions which must be at least a tenth as strong as those of the ordinary man, rollicks nightly at *The Merry Widow*.

As regards self-contradictions, in the first third of the book there are pages about how we ought to return Germany her colonies. In the second third, we find:

> There is a streak of stiff incomprehension about them [the Germans] which makes them intolerable as rulers of any nation but their own.

In the last part of the volume, we are told:

> Having vast possessions we must be prepared to shed our blood in their defence.

It is possible that the author was not here thinking of the former German colonies, but I feel sure he would delightedly fight for them, if Chamberlain so decreed, to-morrow. All the Major really wants for us, of course, is a rousing good time all round, with plenty of delicious drill and mushrooms to inoculate the young against "the poison of pacifism"; journalism; the B.B.C.; magazines like *Sex-Appeal* (which he saw openly for sale in Prague), and thinking.

No, perhaps Major Yeats-Brown should leave politics alone. Far the best, the most lively, genial and knowledgeable passages in this book are reminiscences of Turkey and Albania, and although he warns us that he often "feels inclined to heave half a brick at the foreigner," he really adores foreigners. Particularly if they are tall, determined, and wearing long white robes, which reminds me of the Grand Orient. The Major is dead certain that this diabolical caucus of French Freemasons, to which he repeatedly returns, was intimately involved in the Sarajevo assassination and in smuggling Litvinov out of prison in 1907. It is one of his favourite bogies, and for my part I am certain it became such to him entirely because of its rich, satisfying sound. Easier to spell than these Western names (Hitler's birthplace, for instance), redolent of the Major's past, less puzzling adventures—the Grand Orient, one is not surprised to find, runs through his whole book. Abandoning ratiocination, he should return to it, his original subject. It suits him. It was practically made for him. The Mysterious East.

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THE 19th annual general meeting of Odhams Press Ltd. was held on Wednesday, May 24, at the Connaught Rooms, London.

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Copyrights showed an increase of £66,245. The greater part of that was represented by the acquisition of a group of journals and by special expenditure on the development of the new periodical, "Woman." That publication continued to be very successful.

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ON INSTALMENTS

Hire Purchase. By AYLMER VALLANCE. *Nelson.* Discussion Book. 2s.

There is one fault in Mr. Vallance's admirable little book on hire purchase. It is almost too conclusive. It is one of a "Discussion" series, and discussion implies a certain measure of disagreement. Mr. Vallance rounds up the whole subject so succinctly and so persuasively that it will not be easy to find room for disagreement—unless indeed someone with a vested interest in hire purchase is included in the discussion. The author makes quite clear his own attitude to the system. He is against it on both theoretical and practical grounds; both because he cannot see any economic advantage in it at its best, and because he can see the social disadvantages in it at its worst. There is an eloquent chapter on "The Human Element," the territory on which the unscrupulous salesman meets the gullible customer. It is worth reading, even apart from its bearing on hire purchase, as a sombre reminder of the number of rogues and sharpers who infest our commercial life. It was the kind of abuse here recorded which got up the steam to drive Miss Ellen Wilkinson's Hire Purchase Bill through Parliament. It has perhaps also gone some way to colour the general conclusion to which Mr. Vallance comes, that the extension of the hire-purchase system to the weekly wage-earner was "a serious social evil . . . as if distributors had thrust credit upon schoolboys dependent on arbitrarily terminable pocket money."

One point which Mr. Vallance seems to me to overstress is the contrast between the "immediate satisfaction of possession" which a hire-purchase agreement brings to the purchaser, and the extended nature of the payments to be made. This seems to me less than fair to the purchaser, not to speak of the seller. He is not thriftlessly mortgaging the future for a momentary pleasure, but for the prospect of, say, sleeping in a bed or listening to a wireless set on innumerable occasions to come. But perhaps it could be argued that to spend the money on food would bring still more durable benefits. No wireless set lasts as long as a good constitution, and no money is better invested than in good food, especially for the young.

It is not, of course, only goods bought on hire purchase which may cut into the money that ought to go on the children's milk. If I go round on pay-night, I may be able to persuade the housewife to buy three pairs of imitation silk stockings for cash out of the house-keeping money. But hire purchase makes such trading possible on an imperial scale.

One side-line, which I wish Mr. Vallance had been able to explore, is this. Would a system of simple hire be socially better than hire purchase? In essence, I see nothing more unreasonable in renting a bed than in renting a house; a good bed often lasts longer than a tenancy. It would mean limiting business, of course, to goods which would stand wear, and to honest and creditworthy customers. But it is possible that these very limitations are what is needed to meet the objections to hire purchase.

The book contains a clear account both of the Hire Purchase Act passed by Parliament at the instance of Miss Wilkinson, and of the process of its passing. This section is of importance to students of practical politics as well as to sociologists. P. M.

"SPECIAL TRAIN FOR ATKINS"

The Men Who Defend Us. By COMMANDER RUSSELL GRENFELL. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 9s.

It was a wise man who once said that if there is anything worse than war it is to be defeated, and in this rather grimly topical book Commander Grenfell sets out to tell us some of the things which we must do if we are not to suffer that ultimate calamity.

It is not enough, he says, for the fighting services of the nation to be efficient in the general sense of the word; they must be more efficient in the day of battle than the fighting services of any other nation in the world. To this end, he urges that it is a first essential to make conditions of service in respect of pay, promotion, security of tenure, and lastly of pensions, sufficiently attractive to the type of man who because of natural ability and force of character would be likely to achieve outstanding success in other occupations and professions where, as things are, the rewards of success are so much greater. The "Services," the author maintains, are and always have been underpaid, and this, he suggests, may be a reason why England always wins the last battle—instead of one a little higher up the list. The Infantryman, for example, is a "skilled field craftsman," but his pay remained a shilling a day from 1797 until 1914. To-day he gets three shillings. An Able Bodied Seaman draws rather less than an agricultural labourer, although it has taken five years besides several expensive Shore Establishments to teach him his job. The Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet in wartime, with responsibilities greater, perhaps, than those of a Cabinet Minister, receives about a fifth of the salary which many a public company sees fit to pay its general manager.

It is true, nevertheless, as the author reminds us, that those very qualities which, when fully developed, make for maximum efficiency in the fighting man are not always the qualities which make for maximum success in civil and, particularly, in commercial life. "The soldier or sailor has not, like the civilian, merely to perform a certain task in the present. He has also to train himself, especially if he be an officer, to acquire certain qualities for possible future occasions. Courage, independence of outlook, readiness to take responsibility, a spirit of co-operation with, rather than competition against, his colleagues"—this of course in addition to his professional knowledge and his ability in the peace-time routine performance of his work.

Commander Grenfell gives a detailed historical account of the origin and development through the past centuries of the complicated system under which the armed forces of the Crown are paid. He attacks vigorously the injustices and anomalies of the present day and he deals at length with the proceedings of the several committees which have been appointed to examine the question of Service pay since the end of the last war. In particular the Anderson Committee of 1923 is severely criticised, firstly for failing to distinguish between "Service" and "Commercial" efficiency, thus falling into the error of regarding the professional fighting man as an "unskilled labourer," and then for seeking to establish the principle that the employer, i.e., the State, should therefore pay him at the lowest possible scale. H. J. HOOLE

Mitre and Musket. By B. DEW ROBERTS. *Oxford Press.* 8s. 6d.

Miss Roberts's new book is a valuable work of original research, yet perhaps its major virtue is that it sends one back to Hacket. The *Scrinia Reserata* is a much-neglected work: it contains a wealth of information on little-known aspects of the Jacobean and early Caroline periods. The age was a strange welter of new and old, of Renaissance and Puritan ideals. Browne's "great amphibium" is the ideal, the symbolic figure: John Donne in the world of poetry and devotion, John Williams in the political and the ecclesiastical sphere. Miss Roberts traces the course of his intricate career with skill and sympathy.

Cylinder Seals. A Documentary Essay on the Art and Religion of the Ancient Near East. By H. FRANKFORT. *Macmillan.* 42s.

Egyptian Architecture as Cultural Expression. By E. BALDWIN SMITH. *Appleton-Century.* 25s.

The study of archaeology in the Near-Eastern countries which are now recognised as having contributed largely to the Classical tradition, is appreciably younger than that of Greece and Rome. Most of the important collections of Egyptian and Mesopotamian antiquities are still incompletely catalogued. Both these books, therefore, broad as their subjects are, may be considered pioneer investigations. Professor Frankfort is well known as an archaeologist who has excavated at several sites in Egypt and, more widely still, in Iraq. But his training is that of the historian and especially of the historian of art. He has travelled all over the Near East and knows the relevant collections of Europe and America. His own "digs" have produced by far the largest amount of datable seals. To a great extent, therefore, he is able to anticipate formal catalogues, and much of the material for his study has been hitherto known only to a small number of specialists. On this basis Dr. Frankfort has produced an extraordinarily complete account of the development of Mesopotamian glyptic art from its genesis in the large, stubby seals with transversely pierced bosses of the Uruk period (fourth millennium B.C.), through the magnificent early dynastic cylinders in hard stone and their later derivatives, to the stamp seals of the Achaemenid Persians. His emphasis throughout, however, is not on form or material, but on the designs of the seals as stylistic evidence, and on the iconographic interpretation of the designs. By displaying this long series of glyptic formulae in perspective, and by using the information obtainable from the mythological and ritual texts in cuneiform—it is to be noted that the inscriptions on the seals themselves are of comparatively small help towards the understanding of the designs—and secure in his use of a sound chronological scheme afforded by the stratigraphical evidence of excavation, he has provided a text-book which will be invaluable both for collectors and for all archaeologists of the Near East. But not less important, and perhaps of more interest to the layman, is his thesis that the seals in Mesopotamia were both the inspiration as well as the repository of the art forms of sculpture and textiles; together with his exposition of the influence of their style beyond the peripheral countries which borrowed the seals themselves—e.g. on the pottery designs of early Greece, and, later, on the sculptural forms of Romanesque cathedrals. The value of Dr. Baldwin Smith's book is that it is the first in English to give a complete account of Egyptian

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—continued from page 841

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architecture as a whole, and the first in any language to take into consideration the results of very important recent excavations of monumental remains. He knows his material at first hand, and he is thoroughly acquainted with the literature of his subject. To illustrate his theme without adding prodigiously to the cost of the book, he has had to make pen-and-ink drawings. These necessarily lack the reality of photographs, but they are singularly truthful and are generously supplied. All students of Egyptology and of architecture should be grateful to him, whether or not they accept his explanation of the stagnation of Egyptian architectural forms throughout the Dynastic period as due to the suppression of the individual from causes which he regards as essentially environmental, in preference to the commonly repeated doctrine of the direct influence of environment on the architecture.

Philosopher's Holiday. By IRWIN EDMAN. *Constable.* 10s.

Mr. Edman is a professor of philosophy in Columbia University. This book is a reverie of busman's holidays, whimsically, modestly and donnishly remembered. If one may form an estimate of a man by the anecdotes he thinks worth retelling, Mr. Edman is a familiar scholar. The rational French, the good-natured pious Irish cook, the materialist Americans, undergraduates of all kinds, rustic philosophers and even the fabled English are reflected upon in the light of William James and John Dewey. No one could doubt that Mr. Edman's heart is in the right place. Tolerance and humanism are almost a religion to him, and when he goes so far as to draw an unkind portrait of a Nazi encountered in Agrigento he avoids the vulgar error of making him a villain unmitigated. If Mr. Edman has any prejudice, it is in favour of his own sheltered and contemplative life—the Ivory Tower in the age of the bomb. Ruminating on poetry and music, on food and wine, friends and affection, he seems to justify the hierarchy of which he is a member by the freedom it has given him. A little sadly he describes a sailor with a genuine love of intellectual life, who is now a milkman, a tired and harassed father of a family. A former student reproached him for his preoccupation with "beautiful things and moving ideas," then softened a little and said "It was a pleasant enough trance while it lasted." Mr. Edman believes, as we all hope, that some of the good things of this trance will survive the revolution.

Single-tax George. By ARTHUR BIRNIE. *Nelson.* Discussion Books. No. 20. 2s.

The generation of 1832 had died off just before 1867, says Mr. E. L. Woodward, and thus the second Reform Bill was passed by those who were ignorant of the passage of the first. We know least about those who come just before us, for they are neither news nor history. Bagehot, Hartington and Alfred Stevens are examples, and Henry George conforms to the rule. A few may remember that a progressive land tax remains, in memory of his theories, at the foot of the Liberal Party programme, yet this is the one point which is omitted from this short, adequate sketch of his career. George went to sea at 18, made a rash marriage, and became a Californian journalist shortly before R. L. Stevenson wrote, "One editor was shot dead while I was there." He was struck by political corruption and land speculation, and crusaded against both all his life: his *Progress and Poverty* has still enough eloquence and fervour to convert schoolboys, and he died in the thick of his second struggle to become mayor of New York. He was sharp enough to see in 1871 that the free land to the west had acted as a buffer against depressions and would become exhausted about 1890, and he soon modified his theory that the landlord alone robs both capitalist and worker; "We might recognise the equal right to land, and yet tyranny and spoliation be continued." For practical reasons he stuck to his simple doctrine; it was easier to preach, and it appealed to all mankind, not to any particular class. That all were interested, but none were vitally interested, he did not see.

There is too little to discuss in this Discussion book, and such remarks as "ancient heresies like the labour theory were revived" crush all retorts, and show that the author has not heard of Maurice Dobb. Also, why did Hyndman never convert George to socialism? Was it because the time was not ripe, and George was practical enough to see that? Or was it because Hyndman would not eat whelks in the street, as Mr. Birnie suggests?

Week-end Competitions

No. 482

Set by Roger Marvell

In the preface to his memoirs Sir Edward Marsh mentioned a number of witty titles he had considered using for his book. The usual prizes are offered for the most appropriate titles for the autobiography of (1) Shirley Temple, (2) Himmler, (3) James Joyce, (4) Dr. Buchman, (5) Toscanini (6) Al Capone.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 2nd.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 480

Set by V. S. Pritchett

Current usage of certain English words is frequently so different from their dictionary meaning that we offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for new definitions, with examples, of the following: civilisation; Fascism; happiness; By Jingo; masterpiece; promising; amusing; storm; love.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

The satirical implications in this competition were taken rather heavily, and while it is excellent that readers of this paper should be morally indignant, I thought they might be merrier about it. Moreover straight satire was not essential. I hoped for the oblique satire of *idées reçues*. The competitor who defined happiness baldly as marriage with "She found happiness in a train," as an illustration, was on the right lines. Almost everyone failed on "masterpiece," "amusing" and "promising." The words led to very proper but rather obvious digs at reviewers, but there were two exceptions. Mario Francelli (whose illustrations were deliciously fatuous or double-edged) had this on "amusing":

> Anything which is only just above one's income and only just beneath one's dignity (ex., "During their first week in Paris he found Penelope's tastes quite amusing.")

And Tyntax had this on "promising":

> The act or art of making a promise. Ex., "Hitler was a promising lad"—his schoolmaster.

I must mention also Mr. Hector Hoppin's definition of "masterpiece" because, though it has stumped me, others may be quicker on the uptake:

> Masterpiece: n. Illegitimate baby.
>
> It is rumoured in Mayfair that a certain popular peeress is expecting a masterpiece in July.

Civilisation was pretty easy. L. W. Bailey hit it off, I think, in defining it as something which "has not yet reached" (Lord Goop) or something "which we have just lost." (Lord Poop). R. D. C. was sardonic with:

> Civilisation: plumbing, e.g., C. would not survive another war; he lived in the country beyond the pale of C.

Edith M. Hibbert detected that it is sometimes a synonym for Britannia and called happiness a Victorian or Edwardian fable for which she finds no modern equivalent.

Fascism brought out the heavy stuff. The obvious line to take—and many took it—was to define Fascism as what you don't like: these parking regulations are pure Fascism. Fascism, as Edith Hibbert says, is the modern Beelzebub in the world of righteous anathema, but I felt there might have been more brightness here. Why not "spreading guns on your bread"? And why not a few personalities? This competition was extraordinarily non-libellous in its results. The remaining phrase: By Jingo, was too limited. This is my fault. It was turned, rightly, into a pacifist oath and led to one very successful piece of fantasy by W. R.:

> By Jingo. Corruption of advertising slogan for Jingo, a kind of coarse underwear issued to soldiers on active service. Ex. (corrected), "We don't want to fight but BUY JINGO if we do."

No competitor had a completely satisfactory list, but I found myself with M. Chisholm, Edith Hibbert, Walter Roberts, R. D. C., J. C. B. Date, L. W. Bailey, Mario Francelli, at the end. The best solution seemed to be to amalgamate the prizes and divide them between those with the highest average scores; and these are Miss Hibbert, Walter Roberts, L. W. Bailey and Mario Francelli. I will print only four extracts:

EDITH HIBBERT:	Masterpiece: Originally a piece of work submitted to secure admittance to a privilege circle; now any piece of work perpetrated by a member of a privileged circle.
WALTER ROBERTS:	Amusing: Adjective indicative of tepid enthusiasm: "We are not amusing"—Disraeli and Gladstone.
L. W. BAILEY:	Masterpiece: Any film either (*a*) costing more than 50,000 dollars; (*b*) costing less than £100 and made in Iceland with a broken camera and a cast of Eskimos; (*c*) made in France.
MARIO FRANCELLI:	Civilisation: Stigma of self-respect . . . especially with national reference (ex., "And if we ourselves are involved, may not C. well collapse?")

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Little Ladyship. Thurs., Sat.

APOLLO. Of Mice and Men. Tu., Th.

COLISEUM. Varieties. Whit. Mon., & Sats.

DRURY LANE. The Dancing Years. W., S.

DUCHESS. The Corn is Green. Thurs., Sat.

MERCURY. Ballet Rambert. Sats.

OLD VIC. Ballets Jooss. Th., Sat.

PALACE. Under Your Hat. Wed., Sat.

PRINCES. When We Are Married. Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Third Party Risk. Tu., Fri.

SAVILLE. Geneva. Wed., Sat.

SAVOY. Gas Light. Wed., Sat.

WESTMINSTER. Bridge Head. Wed. & Sat.

WHITEHALL. Doctor's Dilemma. Wed., Sat.

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	7	Macbeth	6.45	5.20	
	8	Don Giovanni	5.15	3.45	
	9	Le Nozze di Figaro	6.45	5.20	
	10	Macbeth	6.15	4.45	
Sun.	11	Don Giovanni	5.30	3.45	
	13	Macbeth	6.45	5.20	
	14	Le Nozze di Figaro	6.45	5.20	
	15	Macbeth	6.45	5.20	
	16	*Don Giovanni	6.45	5.20	
	17	*Le Nozze di Figaro	6.15	4.45	Special up trains arrive back between 11.30 p.m. and 1 a.m. according to length of performance.
Sun.	18	Macbeth	5.30	3.45	
	20	Cosi fan Tutte	5.15	3.45	
	21	Don Giovanni	6.45	5.20	
	22	Cosi fan Tutte	6.45	5.20	
	23	Cosi fan Tutte	6.45	5.20	
	24	Macbeth	6.15	4.45	
Sun.	25	*Le Nozze di Figaro	5.30	3.45	
	27	Le Nozze di Figaro	6.45	5.20	
	28	Cosi fan Tutte	6.45	5.20	
	30	Don Pasquale	5.15	3.45	
JULY	1	Macbeth	6.15	4.45	
Sun.	2	Don Pasquale	5.30	3.45	
	3	Cosi fan Tutte	6.45	5.20	
	4	Don Pasquale	6.45	5.20	
	5	Le Nozze di Figaro	6.45	5.20	
	6	*Don Giovanni	6.45	5.20	
	7	Macbeth	6.45	5.20	
	8	Don Giovanni	6.15	4.45	
Sun.	9	Cosi fan Tutte	5.30	3.45	
	11	Le Nozze di Figaro	6.45	5.20	
	12	Don Pasquale	6.45	5.20	
	13	Macbeth	6.45	5.20	
	14	Don Giovanni	6.45	5.20	
	15	Cosi fan Tutte	6.15	4.45	

* These performances will be conducted by ALBERTO EREDE, whilst all the other performances will be conducted by FRITZ BUSCH.

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UNITY STRING ORCHESTRA. Second Sunday Concert, June 4th, at 3.30. Elgar Serenade; Vivaldi Concerto; Hebridean Songs, etc. Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, N.W.1. Seats, 6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Members, etc., only. Book now. EUSton 5391.

RESTAURANTS

GOURMETS come to Rules to give themselves a treat and pay their guests a compliment.
RULES, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

OLD FRIEND. New Management. ROBERT & JOHN. Good cook. Lunches, teas. Adam St., Adelphi.

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COME to Mrs. Cook's, where the food is excellent and does you good. The cooking is different from the usual restaurant type. Famous for nine years for quality and value. MRS. COOK'S, 12 Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus.

FOR THE TABLE

EMPIRE COFFEE.—3lbs. finest Kenya Coffee, freshly roasted, berry or ground, for 5s. 6d., post paid in United Kingdom.—Write RALPH RICHARDSON, Coffee Planter, Coffee Depot, Ware, Herts.

FINEST HAND-PREPARED CASHEW NUTS, salted or unsalted, half- and one-pound sealed tins, 2s. 3d., 4s., post free. DREW'S COCKTAIL NUTS, LTD., 387B King Street, London, W.6.

MISCELLANEOUS

HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £4 17s. 6d. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particulars, post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 837

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 334.—THE SCREW STREET GANG

When I called on Superintendent Swiveller, he was poring over a number of reports.

"Busy, Super?" I enquired.

Swiveller handed his tobacco pouch. "Busy?" he said. "I should say so. I'm trying to work out, from information received, which member of the Screw Street gang is which."

"Can I help?" I asked, taking up the various documents. Let me tell you what was in them.

"I think I have a line on Sam Wade," wrote Inspector Nutmeg. "If he's not, as some say, the Sprinter, he's either the Spider or One-Eyed Mike. And if he is the Sprinter, the Bruiser is not Andy McPhail."

Inspector Clove wrote: "I've found out something about Ezra Smith and Solomon Isaacs. Neither of them is the Sprinter and neither of them is One-Eyed Mike. Smith, moreover, is neither Dixie Kid nor the Bruiser, and Isaacs is neither Two-Gun Titus nor the Spider. The Spider may be Ezra Smith; but, if so, Andy McPhail cannot be Two-Gun Titus."

Inspector Allspice was not less informative. "Morgan Evans," he wrote, "may be the Sprinter; he may be the Spider; and he may be Dixie Kid. At any rate, David Davies is, I am sure, none of these. Nor can David be Two-Gun Titus (who is, as you probably know, Benson, Smith or McPhail). If, by the way, Davies is One-Eyed Mike, Evans is not the Sprinter."

Inspector Pepper had been trailing Harry Benson. "I've narrowed Benson down," wrote Pepper, "to one of three possibilities. He may be the Dixie Kid and he may be Two-Gun Titus; in either case, Morgan Evans is not the Spider. Or Benson may be One-Eyed Mike."

And Inspector Capsicum's report was concerned with Andy McPhail. He too offered Swiveller a choice of three alternatives. "McPhail," he wrote, "is probably the Bruiser. But, if not, he's either Two-Gun Titus or the Sprinter."

"That all?" I asked, when I had jotted down these data.

"Not quite," answered Swiveller. "From other sources I've scraped together the following: If Sam Wade is One-Eyed Mike, Ezra Smith is not the Spider. If Benson is One-Eyed Mike, Isaacs is not Two-Gun Titus. And if McPhail is the Sprinter, Harry Benson is not One-Eyed Mike."

Given that the seven members of the gang are to be severally identified with the seven aliases mentioned,

Who is Who?

PROBLEM 332.—TEN PIECES OF SILVER

Solution by F. P. Clift

Answer to Surd-Cipher's Problem.

The probabilities are equal.

When the face value of the heads is three shillings, the face value of the tails must be seven shillings. The probability of this arrangement must be the same as the probability that the tails will have a value of three shillings and the heads one of seven shillings.

Therefore the probability of the face value of the heads being three shillings is the same as the probability that it will be seven shillings.

Note by Caliban.

An "Intelligence Test," admittedly, rather than a mathematical problem; I thought the reactions of solvers would be interesting. But those solvers who have characterised Surd-Cipher's problem as "childish" are a long way off the mark. Apart from the small minority who have failed to find the right answer, more than half our regular solvers have sent in no answer at all. There were 160 correct replies to Problem 330, 131 to Problem 331, 68 to Problem 332.

PROBLEM 331.—SORRY YOU'VE BEEN TROUBLED.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: George Barber, 1 Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

Six points are awarded.

CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

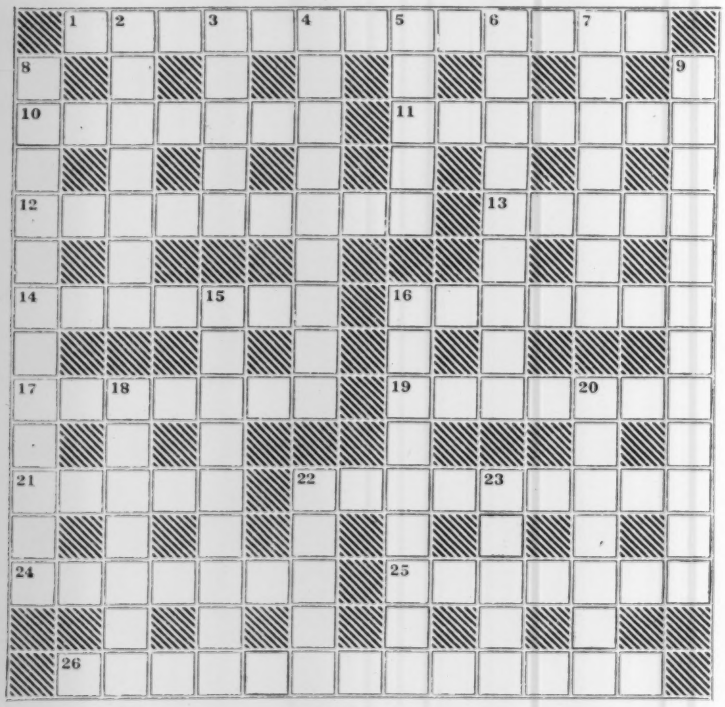
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 481

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

G. I. Friedman, 1 Church Crescent, Moortown, Leeds

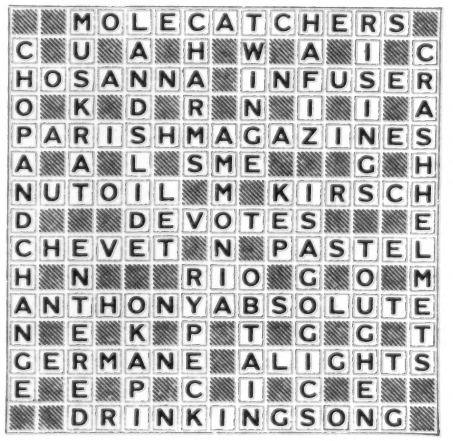
ACROSS

1. A figurative building no doubt. (13)
10. Where the apron goes. (7)
11. One of the priest's overhead expenses perhaps. (7)
12. In short, the same as *débutante*. (9)
13. If I leave the parish this might be the outcome. (5)
14. An old nude reframed. (7)
16. Helps to decorate the pinnacle. (7)
17. A crumpled red robe. (7)
19. The expression one puts on when going abroad? (7)
21. Suitable garments for those who plunge. (5)
22. He was much averse to getting fat. (9)
24. Dishes that should slip down one's throat. (7)
25. Master undertaker? (7)
26. Tries on and begins the wrong end. (13)

DOWN

2. 6 balls offered at auction. (7)
3. An almost landless county of Texas. (5)
4. Here you may find dope in mud. (9)
5. Much screened piece of architecture. (5)
6. Fragrant part of the flag girl on the Underground? (9)
7. Start for home? (7)
8. The future New Zealander is to take his stand on it, brokenly. (12)
9. No doubt takes a whacking lot out of the pile. (12)
15. They peer at you of course. (9)
16. Two of them are noted for being minimised. (9)
18. Send the account in, Bill. I will finish it. (7)
20. A terrifying gift to get. (7)
22. He went wool gathering. (5)
23. Magi take this letter for this word. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9*s*. 6*d*. per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

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WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5*s*. a night or 30*s*. weekly: with dinner, 6*s*. 6*d*. a night or 35*s*. to 2 *gns*. weekly. Vic. 7289.

BESIDES its New £80,000 Baths and "All Inclusive" Cure Scheme HARROGATE offers wonderful attractions. September 18th to 23rd, SIR THOMAS BEECHAM and LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA will be at the Musical Festival. Details from L. A. WILSHERE, Information Bureau. Cheap Monthly Returns by Rail.

MODERN HOTEL, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 9614.

REAL modern comfort, home-grown produce, wonderful Atlantic view, 2 acres, all go to make holidays at Rockingham, Westward Ho! Devon, ideal. 2½–4 *gns*. MISS FOLL (Northam 183).

TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. 4 minutes to sea by private path, garden, attractive sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and private bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

ACHILL HEAD HOTEL, Achill Island, Co. Mayo. Situated amidst magnificent scenery. Hot and cold running water. Motor launch belonging to Hotel for deep-sea fishing and cruising. Electric light. Fully licensed. A.A., R.I.A.C., I.T.A. appointments. Full particulars apply JOHN MACNAMARA (Proprietor).

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SAVERNAKE FOREST. The Forest Hotel. Tel.: Burbage 6. Excellent food. Ideal for walking; forest and downs. Good train service.

COME along to NORTH WALES, where mountains run down to the sea. Come and sun-bathe on golden sands; 28 resorts, some gay, some peaceful. Climbing, bathing, fishing, sailing, all sports and amusements. 2*d*. stamp for Guide, Dept. 11, Llanfairfechan. Cheap fares by L.M.S.

LLANFAIR TALHAIARN, near Abergele. Glasfryn Guest House. Noted for cleanliness and comfort. Also furnished bungalow to let, standing in 3 acres. Apply MRS. RODWELL.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

ASHDOWN FOREST. The Clock House, Nutley, Sussex. A delightful home; 14 bedrooms, hot and cold running water, private bathrooms, electric light. Large peaceful garden. Tennis. Own vegetables, chickens and eggs. Good cooking. Efficient service. Garage. Golf and riding. 'Phone: Nutley 96.

W. SUSSEX XVth Cent. Guest House. Downs, garden, tennis. Ideal walking centre. Coast, 11 miles. ALLUM, Thatched Eaves, Bignor, Pulborough. (Sutton 229.)

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. South Devon Coast, "Mountway" Guest House. Modern comfort. Ordinary or vegetarian diet.

BALLYCASTLE, Co. Antrim. Charming old house, run as Guest House. Overlooking sea, tennis courts. Golf links. Free trout fishing. Good bathing. Apply MRS. PRIESTLEY, Raghery House.

TORQUAY, SEASCAPE HOTEL. Beautifully situated; central position. Established 20 years. Southern aspect with full view of Torbay. Our reputation for good English fare has always been a noted feature. Individual diets studied. Hot and cold water. Radiators, gas or electric fires; central heating throughout. Lounges sunny and well heated. Comfortable beds. Hard tennis courts, croquet, miniature golf course, games' room. Garage, private park and gardens. Summer terms from 3 *gns*. Resident Director: MRS. HARRISON.

CORNWALL. Barnoon End, St. Ives, for delightful early holidays. Quiet. Lovely views. Every comfort. Central. 'Phone: 488. From 2½ *gns*.

GUEST House in the Chilterns. Beacon Cottage Aston Rowant, Oxford. Good food, comfort and consideration. 'Phone: Kingston Blount 219.

FARMHOUSE accommodation; sea ¾ mile, all cooking home-made, good approach for cars, lovely coastal scenery, bus route, shooting, golf near. H. and c. water. Modern conveniences. Terms: £2 10*s*. Mrs. Billing, Higher Hendra, St. Teath, Bodmin, Cornwall.

CORNWALL (Cape Cornwall). Unique position, 8 miles west of Penzance, overlooking Cape Cornwall and the Atlantic. For hotel accommodation or furnished houses on moderate terms apply MANAGER, Porthledden, St. Just, Cornwall.

ST. LEONARDS FOREST. Paying guests. Homely. Lovely country. Moderate terms. SNELL, Springfield Farm, Colgate, Horsham, Sussex.

WATER Mill near Guildford to let furnished. Sleep eleven. Electric light, etc. Charming waterside garden, swimming. 7 St. Peter's Square, W.6.

Holiday Suggestions

TRINITY FAIR, SOUTHWOLD

Why not spend a long week end at this delightful small town on the Suffolk coast (103 miles from London, stations Saxmundham and Halesworth) and see the famous Trinity Fair? This has been held at Southwold every year since the time of Henry VII whose special Charter to the Corporation is still responsible for its continuation. The Mayor will open the Fair in state on Trinity Monday. Come and ride with him on the roundabout and enjoy the fun of the Fair.
Enjoy also if you will—

PERFECT SEA BATHING

GOLF AND TENNIS

and the beautiful Suffolk countryside famous for its unspoilt villages and magnificent churches.

Stay at
THE CROWN HOTEL
(Tel. 53. A.A.)

An early Georgian coaching house, with present day comforts. Good food. Moderate prices.

LAKE DISTRICT. Chapel Ridding, Windermere. Large private house modernised for guests. Telephone: Windermere 285.

"HIGHTREE," Leintwardine, Bucknell. Salop. Ideally centralised for Herefordshire, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches. Trout fishing. Tariff on request.

MENDIPS, Anglo-French family takes guests. XVIIth Cent. farm house. Comfort, books, good cooking, open fires, h. & c. some rooms, good centre, lovely district. From 2½ *gns*. Wyndhams, Shepton Mallet, 57.

LAKES. Beautiful Buttermere, "VICTORIA," leading hotel between Honister Pass and Cockermouth. Swiss balconies. Electricity; h. and c. Unique grounds. Telephone: 2. (Reduced terms.)

NEW FOREST. Small Guest House. Friendly atmosphere. Peaceful surroundings. Tennis. Riding. Lovely country. LEONARD, The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Telephone: 2168.

SALISBURY
THE OLD MILL HOTEL AND RESTAURANT
at West Harnham.
Patronised by artists and men of letters.
Terms from 3½ *gns*. a week. Apply MANAGER.

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FARMER'S daughter offers accommodation in own home; farm produce, good food, every comfort. Near town, sea and golf. 2½ *gns*. inclusive. MANUELL, Deloraine, River Walk, St. Austell, Cornwall.

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WEST SUSSEX VILLAGE. Quiet holidays near sea and Downs. Home-made fare. 42*s*. SIMONS, Devon Cottage, Westbourne, near Emsworth, Hants.

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LANGDALE ESTATE offers unique and varied accommodation amidst 25 acres of private grounds situated in this beautiful Lakeland valley. Furnished cottages, guest house, sleeping cabins and the new Pillar Hotel. Illustrated booklet (N.): MANAGER, Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, nr. Ambleside.

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NORTH WALES. Beddgelert. Charming small hotel. Snowdonia. A.A. Mountains, Rivers and Peace. Seven miles sea. Erw Fair Private Hotel.

SOUTH CORNWALL. Board-Residence, modern seaside house. Excellent holiday centre, all sports adjacent. 2½ *guineas* weekly; August, 3 *guineas*. BARGROVE, Carlyon Bay, St. Austell.

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DEVON. Board Residence or bed and breakfast. TRICK, 6 Lansdowne, Bideford.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 3 *guineas*.

Holiday Suggestions Continued on Page 837

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MORE CONFIDENT MARKETS—RAILWAYS AND THE SQUARE DEAL—TAX EVASION.

THE rise continues. The London Stock Exchange was satisfied with Mr. Chamberlain's account of the progress in the Russian negotiations and on Wednesday night practically every market closed strong. The most remarkable rise was seen in gilt-edged stocks. War Loan, for example, has now recovered from 90⅞ at the beginning of this month to 95¼. In fact, in four weeks there has been a decline in the long-term rate of interest of 3*s.* 3*d.* per cent., for 2½ per cent. Consols at 68¾ are now yielding £3 13*s.* 0*d.* per cent. The recovery in gilt-edged has been accompanied by rumours of an early Government loan, but I cannot see why the Treasury should not finance its requirements by bills for some time to come. The new South African loan is, however, regarded as the pilot engine which precedes the royal train. If the issue this week of £5,000,000 South Africa 3½ per cent. stock 1954/59 at 96½ is an undoubted success, as everyone expects, the Treasury might conceivably be tempted to enter the market. Enboldened by the success of the City of Sydney 5 per cent. short-term loan at par, which went to a premium of 1¼, every member of the Stock Exchange seems to be "stagging" the new South African.

* * *

The advance in the gilt-edged market brought in buyers of home railway stocks, iron, coal and steel and industrial shares. Trading volume so far shows no great expansion, but there was a little speculative buying on Wednesday of some leading stocks. Courtaulds improved on the rayon output figures. Exceptionally, London Brick fell sharply on the reduced dividend. Oil shares were encouraged partly by news of price advances in the American oil trade and partly by a final dividend making 2*s.* 3*d.* per share on Venezuelan Oil Concessions, which was greater than the market anticipated. These 13*s.* 4*d.* shares to yield 10 per cent. at 1 3/16 are not unattractive as a war hedge. I would also mention a rise to 34¾ in Royal Dutch and to 4 9/32 in Shell Transport. The possibility of a final "extra" dividend in each case is now being recognised by the market. The Anglo-Iranian dividend will not be announced until after the end of the month, and I anticipate a final making something between 20 per cent. and 22½ per cent. for the year. If there is any fall in Anglo-Iranian on the dividend I would recommend a purchase as a short-term operation.

The railways are not to get the whole of the Square Deal for which they asked; indeed it was never likely that a branch of transport which still occupies a near-monopoly position in relation to some classes, at least, of goods traffic should be allowed to exercise complete liberty in rate-fixing. But if substantial concessions have had to be made by the railway managements to allay traders' apprehensions, the report of the Transport Advisory Council—on the basis of which the Government will legislate—represents an important agreement on changes of policy which should do much to rationalise rail charges and lead ultimately to a sanely co-ordinated national transport system. The essence of the Council's recommendations is that the whole of the legislative lumber relating to standard revenue, standard charges and classification of merchandise should be swept away. Instead, the railways will be free, in consultation with traders' representatives, to maintain a flexible schedule of rates—which, I trust, will be published—variable at any moment to meet the needs of the situation. Furthermore, there will be regular consultations between the companies and road transport concerns with a view to regional rate agreements, which will be enforced by legislative sanctions against price-cutting by road "independents." If any trader or group of traders considers that charges are onerous, there will be right of appeal to the Rates Tribunal, which will have the difficult task of reconciling the carriers' claims to earn a reasonable return on capital with the fact that Britain's heavy industries have, in fact, been built up partly on unremunerative transport charges based on the conception of "what the traffic will bear." The proposed basis for defining "reasonableness" is not clear.

* * *

The upshot seems to be that transport in this country is moving in the direction of a cartel, whose influence will doubtless be exercised in favour of limitation of "C" licences granted to firms who use their own lorries for conveyance exclusively of their own goods. The final solution, in the public interest, will probably have to be the conversion of the cartel into a comprehensive public utility; but, as an interim measure, the policy now proposed should eliminate a good deal of wasteful competition. Since there will be, at present, no positive attempt made to re-divert to the railways the cream of the traffic which the road companies have skimmed, it would be optimistic to expect that railway revenues will show an early or substantial improvement. On the other hand, stockholders are now relieved of fears that the Square Deal might lead to a ruinous, cut-throat rate-war. For speculative purchases I would repeat my earlier recommendations, namely, L.N.E.R. 2nd Guaranteed and First Preference, now at 66½ and 35½ respectively, and the two L.M.S. Preference stocks at 61 and 42½. Traffics are now showing a definite upward turn, but I would counsel profit-taking before the publication of the half-yearly net earnings statements at the beginning of July, in case the working economies realised are disappointing.

* * *

Once more the Chancellor's legislative bite in relation to wealthy tax-dodgers has been much less formidable than his budget bark. The Finance Bill will be unpopular with company officers, commercial travellers and (perhaps most of all) with members of newspaper staffs who reckon to "make a bit" out of hitherto untaxed expense allowances. In future their recipients will have to prove that all sums received have actually been spent, failing which they will be liable to tax. So far, however, as evasion of death duties is concerned, practically nothing is done to stop the many loop-holes now existing; and in relation to surtax dodging, all that Sir John Simon is doing is to take further power to compel disclosure of transfer of assets abroad and to "get at" the one-man investment company. Such companies will now be liable to surtax even if their income is not distributed. So far, so good. But the now common form of surtax evasion through the creation of an "accumulator" trust which lends its income to a man of straw, who relends it in his turn to the real beneficiary appears to be unscathed. The only way to stop surtax evasion is to give the Commissioners power to disregard in their assessments every operation which has the result of diminishing apparent income. From this step the Chancellor has once again shrunk; nor is there any sign in the Finance Bill of the promised levy on armament profits.

A
New Appointment

MR. NORMAN CRUMP

has been appointed

CITY EDITOR of the SUNDAY TIMES

and will contribute his first article next Sunday, May 28th

Mr. Crump, who has been an occasional contributor to the SUNDAY TIMES, has been engaged in financial journalism for nearly twenty years. His experience on the staff of the "Economist" and other responsible journals covers every main department of City affairs, and his knowledge and judgment inspire full confidence.

Communications for the City Editor should be addressed to the SUNDAY TIMES, City Offices, 52, Wool Exchange, E.C.2. Phone: Metropolitan 3720.

The City pages of the SUNDAY TIMES contain the fullest lists of Saturday's Wall Street and Canadian closing prices.

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